THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for January, 1936

Articles

WAR AND MUSSOLINI
I. WHAT PRICE COLONIAL WARS? ..... *Richard Lewinsohn* 386
II. MUSSOLINI AND THE YOUNG MEN 389
III. MUSSOLINI AT ST. HELENA: HIS DIARY .... *Georges de la Fouchardière* 392
REACTION AND REFORM
I. WHY THE LABOR PARTY FAILED ..... *G. D. H. Cole* 394
II. SPANISH CATHOLICS AND THE VATICAN ..... *Jean Canu* 398
HIDDEN ASIA
I. THE STRUGGLE FOR MONGOLIA ..... *Adolf Grabowsky* 404
II. NIGHT RIDE ..... *Peter Fleming* 408
III. THE JAPANESE DREAM ..... *Alfred Silbert* 411
WHAT IS STAKHANOFFISM?
I. HOW WE DID IT ..... *Alexei Stakhanoff* 422
II. WHAT THE STAKHANOFFITES WANT ..... *N. Desnin* 424
CONTRASTS IN LITERATURE
I. THE MIRACLE OF THE TWO BEARS ..... *Luigi Pirandello* 427
II. THE GOLOSH ..... *Mikhail Zoshchenko* 430
THE DAWN OF HISTORICAL REASON ..... *José Ortega y Gasset* 433
THE LAST NOMADS OF EUROPE ..... *Hugo Adolf Bernatzik* 436

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 377
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
THE KING OF THE HELLENES 414
A CHINESE REVOLUTIONARY 416
MIKHAIL IVANOVICH KALININ ..... *Mikhail Koltzoff* 419
BOOKS ABROAD 439
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 456
AS OTHERS SEE US 460
NOTES AND COMMENTS 464
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 465
WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS 468

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1935, by The Living Age Corporation, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in the incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

IN ANY attempt to gauge the probable effects of sanctions, it is necessary to take into account the costs of the East African War. There has been a good deal of speculation on this subject in European newspapers recently, but few of the estimates have enjoyed the authority of Mr. Richard Lewinsohn's, of which we offer a translation this month. Mr. Lewinsohn (his pen name is 'Morus') is a German economist who was formerly financial editor of the *Vössische Zeitung*. He has lived for some years in France. He is the author of numerous books, the latest of which, called *Les profits de guerre à travers les siècles* (*The Profits of War through the Centuries*), has just been published by the Paris firm of Payot. In his article Mr. Lewinsohn not only estimates the cost of the Italian campaign but compares it with other colonial wars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. [p. 386]

ONCE ONE KNOWS how tremendously expensive Mussolini's venture is proving, it is natural to ask why he ever embarked on it. Many answers have been given, but the editor of *Giustizia e Libertà* supplies what is perhaps the most plausible of them all. [p. 389]

IF, THEN, Mussolini, driven by the young Fascists' demands for action, has got himself involved in the most expensive colonial war in history, what is the final outcome likely to be? Mr. Georges de la Fouchardière, perennial wit of *L'Œuvre*, the Paris Radical Socialist daily, has a suggestion of his own which, if not meant seriously, at least serves, like everything he writes, as the vehicle of some well-aimed satire. [p. 392]

NOW that the worst days of the economic depression have apparently passed without bringing about in a single country the downfall of the capitalistic system, the radicals, who once so confidently predicted this downfall, now are reconsidering, if not their premises, as least their plans of action. Having failed to bring significant numbers of the electorates over to their own extreme positions, they are beginning to reflect on the wisdom of themselves moving toward the electorates. So we find Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who describes himself as an 'unofficial socialist,' writing thoughtfully about the defeat of the British Labor Party in the recent general elections, and proposing a modification of its program calculated to quiet the fears of the inert and inarticulate masses without whose support it can never hope to win power. [p. 394]

IF THE RADICALS have lost out because of their intransigeance, that has not for many years been one of the faults of the Catholic Church. The Church is an old hand at compromising, and in the centuries of its history it has won repeated political contests by the expedient of seeming to give way. M. Jean Canu, a Frenchman, writes of the part the Vatican is now playing in the politics of Spain. There, where the power of the Church had become traditional, the overthrow of King Alphonso threatened it with eclipse. But, taking a page from the experience of his predecessors, the Pope gave way in public and, in private, pulled certain strings, with results which the article sets forth. [p. 398]

AS LONG as Africa, the League of Nations, and the Naval Conference make up the bulk of the news from abroad, there is danger of overlooking Central Asia, where developments, though less spectacular, are no less important, and may in the end prove more important, than elsewhere. Especially is Mongolia worthy of careful consideration, for it is there rather

(*Continued on page 470*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

January, 1936 *Volume 349, Number 4432*

The World Over

LAST MONTH we called attention to the boom in armament shares that signalized the election victory of the British Conservatives. In the weeks that have passed, the propertied interests everywhere have pointed to Britain's continuing recovery under Tory auspices as the crowning example of orthodox procedure. It may, therefore, be rewarding to indicate what Tory rule means to the less favored citizens of Great Britain. During the same week that the Conservatives gained overwhelming control of Parliament—although Labor polled 46 per cent of the popular vote—the 450,000 organized coal-miners of Great Britain voted by a 93 per cent majority to go out on strike if they could not get their pay raised by any other means. That they have been grossly underpaid for years even the Conservative *Spectator* admits, but it insists that 'the real tragedy of coal is that there is very little indeed that we can do.' It points out that during the third quarter of 1935 the average profit per ton of coal mined came to only one penny out of every thirteen shillings and three pence expended; in other words a proportion of 1 to 159, or approximately three-fourths of one per cent. But the *New Leader*, weekly organ of the Independent Labor Party, raises the objection that the coal owners make their profit from subsidiary operations, such as extraction of oil from coal, that are carried on by separate companies. Then there is the selling agency racket. The Welsh Associated Collieries, Ltd., for instance, has six subsidiary agencies, each of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which makes a good profit reselling coal to merchants all over the world. Such devices as these, operating in conjunction with a general revival of business, caused twenty of the largest coal concerns in Great Britain to show a 50 per cent increase in their profits last year.

WHATEVER MAY BE the true story about wages and profits in the coal industry, there is no doubt about the human wear and tear that goes on in all the so-called 'depressed areas' of Great Britain. The death rate of males in all those parts of England that have known no revival since the War stands 18 per cent higher than the average death rate for the whole country, and the female death rate is 23 per cent higher. Children below the age of fourteen suffer more than any other age group, the death rate for boys and girls alike in the depressed areas amounting to 30 per cent more than the national death rate in the same age category. But the coal industry involves special tribulations, as the following table of casualties in the coal mines between 1927 and 1934 shows:—

	Killed	Injured	Total
Boys under 16	231	49,991	50,222
Youths 16 to 18	320	73,542	73,862
Youths 18 to 20	294	75,234	75,528
Adults over 20	6,994	1,001,375	1,008,369
	7,839	1,200,142	1,207,981

MEANWHILE MECHANIZATION, rationalization and the speed-up are constantly reducing the number of jobs in an industry that is already in a state of decline. In 1932 the miners produced an average of 255 tons of coal per man, in 1933, 262 tons, and in 1934, 280 tons. And the figure for 1935 will be higher still. In contrast to this dreary picture, the steel and armaments industry shows still further signs of revival. The English Steel Corporation will spend two million pounds modernizing its Sheffield works, and of that amount 750,000 pounds will be devoted to the Vickers armament plant. In three years the number of employees in Sheffield has increased 40 per cent, and the amounts paid in wages 79 per cent. So it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

SO MUCH FOR British domestic policy under the Baldwin Government; now for a word on foreign affairs. Here the half-billion pound rearmament loan points the way. This loan has been made possible only by the war-scare that Winston Churchill and other Die-Hard Tories have aroused in relation to Germany. It is not the immediate danger of war with Italy but the slightly more distant danger of war with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany that has alarmed the average British voter. Yet this danger could never have arisen without the deliberate and conscious connivance of precisely those terrified Tories who are now shouting their heads off in warning. In the spring of 1934, for instance, the Bank of England gave Dr. Schacht of the German Reichsbank a credit of 750,000 pounds, ostensibly to release frozen British funds in Germany, actually to enable Germany to purchase raw materials for rearmament purposes. For the frozen British credits never did flow back to London, but copper, aluminum, nickel, and iron ore flowed into Germany in double and treble volume. Here, in the words of Francis Williams, financial editor of the Laborite *Daily Herald*, is what the British bankers might have done when Hitler came into power:—

> If Britain had, as soon as the policy of default on long-term loans began under the Nazi régime, immediately taken action, and had set up at once without delay a clearing-house system, under which it was made clear that, if Germany did not pay her debts, money owing to her on account of imports would be sequestrated, the German default would have been checked, and the Nazi technique of building up armaments out of sums owing to long-term foreign creditors prevented from being successful. Instead, the setting up of a clearing house was delayed until too late.

What actually happened? Those international banking and acceptance houses—principally the Bank of England itself—which faced ruin during the summer of 1931, when all the banks in Germany closed and England finally abandoned the gold standard, were still guaranteeing German loans. To avoid bankruptcy, they still had to see to it that German bills should continue to be discountable in London. The illusion that these credits might be collected some day had to be preserved. And here, again quoting Mr. Williams, is the game that the wily Dr. Schacht proceeded to play:—

> Dr. Schacht, who as a politician-banker is much more astute than Mr. Norman, realized that this circumstance provided Germany with a very strong hand in the game of financial poker which he proposed to play. He knew that many of those international banking and acceptance houses had considerable influence with the Bank of England, and that the Bank of England was anxious above all things that there should be no banking or acceptance failures in the City which might destroy the carefully created myth of the City's infallibility which Mr. Montagu Norman has done his best to create.

Dr. Schacht, therefore, decided to create the illusion that, although Germany could not pay her long-term debts—the Dawes and Young Plan loans,—she could repay her short-term borrowings:—

> In other words, Schacht realized that so long as he made it clear that he was prepared to play his part in the pretense that German short-term indebtedness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though temporarily frozen, would be paid off in due course, and therefore German bills guaranteed by London acceptance houses could be safely renewed again and again, he could be sure that the City would close its eyes to any other financial malpractices on the part of Germany, and, indeed, regard whatever financial policy he followed with a certain amount of sympathy.

As a consequence, Germany was able to go on with her plan of using funds due to long-term and commercial creditors of Germany for rearmament purposes.

And as a consequence of that, we now have Conservative speakers, headed by Mr. Winston Churchill, pointing to the menace of German armaments and using those armaments as an argument for a big extension of our own Naval, Military and Air Forces.

It is one of the ironies of the situation that the City, which has had no small part in enabling Germany to rearm, will make most of the profits out of a British armament program inspired by fears of the German position.

MORE RECENTLY, the Bank of France, also aided and abetted by the Bank of England, has engaged in equally dubious activities. Last June, shortly before Laval began to govern by decree, a certain M. Lacour-Gayet, head of the press bureau of the Bank of France, swung into action as a regular contributor to *Le Journal*. Now the president of the board of directors of *Le Journal* is M. Darblay, who is also a member of the board of regents of the Bank of France, along with MM. de Wendel and de Rothschild. Writing under the signature of three asterisks, M. Lacour-Gayet declared on June 6, 'Either the public officials will bring national expenditures down to the level of normal, permanent receipts or they will be forced to cover the deficit by inflation, which will involve the devaluation of the franc.'

Then, on July 18, after Laval had begun to govern by decree, M. Lacour-Gayet declared, 'The national budget is balanced. Of the four-billion franc deficit that the railways were running up, there remains a deficit of less than two billions, a fractional sum. Any devaluation of the franc is removed from the realm of practical possibilities.' But no sooner had the Popular Front of Radicals, Socialists, and Communists shown some resistance to Laval than M. Lacour-Gayet announced that the railway deficit would come to 10 or 11 billion francs. As the Radical-Socialist weekly, *La Lumière*, points out, 'Either M. Lacour-Gayet did not tell the truth in July, or he did tell the truth and the financial situation to-day is desperate.'

As a matter of fact, the policy of the Bank of France is quite clear. It is to avoid, so far as possible, disturbing the public with really accurate descriptions of the present crisis, but at the same time to exploit the crisis to keep Laval in power, 'to use,' in the words of *La Lumière*, 'anxiety as a weapon against the Left parties by making it appear that any change of government or policy would provoke immediate financial upheavals.' So successful was the Bank in cultivating an atmosphere of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panic shortly before the Chamber of Deputies reassembled in November, that the British Exchange Equalization Fund had to be pressed into the service of the franc and the Laval Cabinet.

THANKS TO GERMANY'S state-financed rearmament program, the boom in capital goods industries has continued. Indeed, it has brought such a revival that both Count Schwerin-Krosigk, Minister of Finance, and Dr. Schacht, Minister of Economics and President of the Reichsbank, have urged a reduction of state subsidies and an increase of private initiative. They can call attention to an 8 per cent rise in the building industry since 1928, and to a general increase of 33⅓ per cent in the production of all capital goods during the third quarter of 1935, as compared with the corresponding period the year before.

Industries manufacturing consumption goods, on the other hand, have gone into a decline, partly because of last year's hoarding, when the general public feared a universal shortage. If we are to judge by unemployment figures, the decline in consumption goods appears to have outweighed the industrial boom. During October, for instance, the number of jobless increased by 114,000, as compared with a decline of 14,000 the previous year. Under these conditions, it does not look as if Hitler could take Schacht's advice and curtail state subsidies.

LAST MONTH we quoted here some of the instructions that Dr. Goebbels's Propaganda ministry hands out to the German press. This month we present another sample of journalism under a dictatorship in the form of instructions imparted by Mussolini's Fascist Government to the press of Italy:—

October 29. An attitude of reserve to be maintained with regard to England, and also with regard to France and Germany.

Great importance to be given, on the other hand, to our home activities. Insist on the inauguration of public works, especially the inauguration of the University buildings.

Give much space to the communiqués on the limitation and economy in the consumption of goods, insisting on the fact that Fascist Italy replies to the iniquitous sanctions with a spirit of abnegation and sacrifice.

Insist on the fact that ration-cards will not be necessary for bread, because, thanks to the wheat battle, we have all the wheat we need.

Give importance to the inauguration of the theatrical year, which will take place in Rome, Turin and Milan.

Give importance to the widening of the 'Via delle Botteghe Basse.'

October 31. Comment on the telegram sent to the Duce by the rabbit breeders and poultry farmers.

Dedicate the whole of the first page to the inauguration ceremony of the University buildings. In a very emotional tone (Sensibilizzare molto).

Comment on the Duce's speech.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With regard to the answer of the United States Government to the League of Nations, it is considered opportune for the comments of the Italian press to be, generally speaking, in harmony with the recent substantial confirmation of the neutrality of the United States, and, on the other hand, that it should insist on the illusions which may arise once more for the preservation of peace in Europe from the indirect encouragement of the action of the League of Nations contained in the note of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the United States.

Comment with the greatest reserve, without expressions revealing satisfaction at the American answer to Geneva.

NEITHER DEFEAT in war nor Hitler's arrival in power put a complete stop to Germany's colonial expansion. It will probably be news in a good many quarters that a German consortium bought back many of their old West African plantations at a London auction in 1924, and that since then most of these plantations have added steadily to their output and profits. Bananas appear to be chief stock in trade, and the enterprise prospered to such an extent that the British slapped on an export tax, most of which they were soon persuaded to remove. German enterprises in other parts of the world, and even German enterprises specializing in timber, cocoa, and palm oil, have fared less well than the banana plantations.

But with the exception of the United States, no nation on record has ever reached the heights on a diet of banana-splits, and for that reason the Third Reich does not confine its colonial ambitions to Africa. The Dutch East Indies, with their rich petroleum reserves, offer a more tempting field. Here Nazi methods follow the established practice laid down by Rosenberg in Eastern and Central Europe. Fritz Thyssen controls the largest iron mines in Austria, while Nazi propagandists work through the press and radio; so the Thyssen-controlled Bank for Handel en Sheepvaart of Rotterdam secured a one-third interest in the Nederlandsche Handel-Maatschappy, the greatest colonial bank in Holland, while the Nazi Propaganda Ministry purchased four of the seven daily papers published in Java. The Thyssen interests, however, quite contrary to custom, were not allowed to have a representative on the board of directors of the bank, whereupon the German Propaganda Ministry redoubled its zeal in Java and set up a news agency for its own four papers, thus ruining the Dutch-controlled agency, which served only three papers. The bearing of these moves upon German foreign policy hardly requires comment.

THE STABILIZATION of the Soviet currency at one ruble to three French francs throws light on important economic and political changes. Between 1931 and 1934, gold production in the Soviet Union rose from 53,000 kilograms a year to 115,000, and the 1935 figure promises to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

higher still. This has given the country enough money to purchase the machinery and raw materials—notably rubber—that it needs from abroad. It has also meant that the Torgsin department stores and the Intourist travel bureaux no longer demand payment in foreign currencies. The ruble now moves as a social equal with the pound, the dollar, and the franc on the world exchanges. But in stabilizing the ruble or the franc, the Soviet Union has identified itself with the gold bloc in general and the French financial system in particular. Furthermore, it has done this at a time when the intrigues of the Bank of France, described earlier, have intensified an already serious financial crisis.

NO MORE PROFOUND ANTAGONISM exists in the modern world than that between the Vatican and Moscow. It explains, among other things, why the Pope has not taken a more active part in protesting Italy's invasion of Ethiopia: he could not make common cause with the Third International. The *Osservatore Romano*, official daily organ of the Vatican, has been commenting at some length on this subject, and giving its own interpretation of Soviet policy in Africa. No credence whatever is given to Moscow's recent promises to work with liberal bourgeois democrats, or to Litvinov's declaration that peace is indivisible. In the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church, proletarian Russia's support of feudal Ethiopia makes no sense at all, unless one remembers that the communists are taking advantage of every disturbance to further their own ends. The *Osservatore Romano* calls attention to Communist propaganda in behalf of native uprisings in South Africa, Algeria, Tunis, Palestine, Egypt, and the Sudan. Communists are also accused of attempting to promote a European war in order to unleash civil war. It would seem, however, that the Third International takes a much less cheerful view of its chances in the near future. Surely Dimitrov, the hero of the Reichstag fire trial and the secretary of the Comintern, does not look forward to world revolution in the next few months if he is able to hail the 'gay reformer' in the White House as an ally of sorts.

ANGLO-JAPANESE RIVALRY is not confined to North China or even to the Pacific Ocean; it has become one of the most disturbing factors in Central Asia. Back in 1904, British imperialism conquered Tibet by force of arms, and in 1910 gave its blessing to the Dalai Lama, the spiritual and temporal ruler of that district. In 1920 British capital financed the modernization of the Tibetan army and caused the Dalai Lama's principal rival, the Panchen Lama, to flee to Nanking, where he secured the support of Chiang Kai-shek. When the Dalai Lama died, eighteen months ago, the Chinese authorities dispatched a general to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tibet to discover what the chances were of restoring the Panchen Lama and replacing British with Chinese. This general has recently returned and advised against the Panchen Lama's return. Meanwhile, British and Japanese diplomats had not slumbered. The British tried to retain their dominance of the strategic area that lies between India and China by intriguing to the west and north in the province of Sze-chwan. But no sooner had they set up a $100,000 corporation to exploit the mineral wealth of Sze-chwan than the Communists overran the province. Chiang Kai-shek made another of his futile attempts to stamp them out, and then turned to Japan for support. Tokyo quickly took advantage of the opportunity to extend its power in the direction of India and supplied transports and troops who drove the Communists northward from Sze-chwan into Shensi Province. Thus, although Nanking has established nominal authority over Sze-chwan, Japan is the power behind the scenes and will come into the open when the time is ripe to move west and south toward Tibet and India.

THE COLUMNS of the London *Statist*, orthodox financial weekly, have given expression to England's chief hope of checking Japanese domination of Asia. According to this mouthpiece of 'The City,' the Japanese do not expect to send either their surplus population or surplus capital to China. They look upon it as a market, pure and simple, which they hope to monopolize. The *Statist* calls China 'the biggest potential market in the world,' and declares it holds unequaled promises of expansion. 'It is with the object of making certain of its control of this market, both as an outlet for finished products and as a source of essential raw materials, that Japanese foreign policy in China is framed.' The *Statist* then inquires what Britain's attitude should be. It quotes the British Consul-General at Mukden on Japan's version of the 'open door' policy in Manchuria:—

> Among the ways in which this ('open door') undertaking could be, and in some cases is alleged to have been, violated, are the creation of monopolies, discrimination by banks in favor of insurance policies issued by Japanese companies when the insured wish to raise mortgages on their policies, preferential customs treatment for Japanese goods, the routing of telegrams by Japanese controlled wireless, irrespective of the senders' instructions, and the reservation of certain contracts, in fact though not in theory, for Japanese nationals.

The *Statist* comes rather dubiously to the conclusion that England should take advantage of Japan's present financial difficulties and offer to put its capital at the disposition of the Tokyo militarists:—

> If China is to become the market which Japan needs and for which she is striving, there must be many, many years of solid expensive pioneer work: road and railway building, canalization and dyking of dangerous rivers, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public utility works of the most diversified character. European, and perhaps American, capital will have to be enlisted in this constructive task. It will not be forthcoming unless Japanese policy in China undergoes a material change. To establish bases of coöperation must obviously be a difficult task; even more difficult would be the ensurance of adequate safeguards. We do not want to increase our stake in China and then lose all. But the problem is not insoluble. Coöperation still offers an avenue of advance.

Both the tone and content of this statement suggest that it represents a rather forlorn hope.

AS JAPAN'S ARMIES march into North China while the Naval Conference assembles in London, the American Department of State continues under Roosevelt, as it did under Hoover, to support British policy in the Far East. Just as Secretary Stimson denounced Japan's invasion of Manchuria with such vehemence that Sir John Simon did not need to say a word, so to-day Secretary Hull does more than follow Sir Samuel Hoare's lead in deploring Japan's invasion of North China: he goes him one better and mentions names where the British Foreign Secretary confined himself to generalities. The moment has therefore arrived—if, indeed, it has not passed—to call attention to the relative importance of the American and British stakes in the Far East. American investments in China total $230,000,000, of which $80,000,000 is missionary and $150,000,000 commercial. The British stake in China comes to $1,750,000,000, or over eleven times America's commercial investment. Even France and Belgium have about a billion dollars each invested in China.

But how about America's trade with the Far East? The United States exports goods and raw materials valued at $100,000,000 to China each year. Half of these exports consist of oil, tobacco, and cotton, commodities that Japan does not produce. Of the remaining $50,000,000, half goes into Japanese hands. Therefore, the total value of those American exports to China which compete directly with Japanese exports is $25,000,000. But American exports to Japan—the nation's second-best customer—come to $233,000,000 a year, and the total favorable trade balance amounts to $85,000,000. Reduced to purely material terms, America's stake in a war with Japan would consist of investments in China one-eleventh the size of England's and export trade hardly more than one-tenth of what the country would instantly lose by fighting the Japanese. No wonder British publicists and statesmen say little about such crass affairs, but confine themselves, in the words of the Marquis of Lothian, to 'the deeper strata of our common outlook on the world, on the love of justice and our hatred of war, on our passion for freedom and an abhorrence of oppression.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A noted German economist draws up a balance sheet for colonial wars; an Italian émigré tells why Mussolini embarked on the present one; and a French satirist suggests a dénouement.

WAR *and* Mussolini

A Drama in Three Articles

I. What Price Colonial Wars?

By Richard Lewinsohn

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

NOW THAT sanctions have transformed the Abyssinian conflict into a general Italian war on the economic front, the question of 'the nerve center of war' is more pressing than ever. What is the cost of the new African expedition, and how does this sum compare with the costs of previous colonial campaigns?

There is no doubt that the Italian expedition into Abyssinia is, from a technical point of view, one of the best-planned of all colonial enterprises. But it is also one of the most expensive. It is hardly possible to say that in the matter of colonial campaigns, which have always been undertaken more or less intentionally, men have become any wiser with the passing of time. The overseas companies created for the purposes of expansion in France, the Netherlands, and England demanded immediate payment in good sound currency for each expedition. The stockholders of these 'conquering companies' demanded large dividends. If the results of a particular campaign proved inadequate, the conquered territory was sometimes abandoned. This formula guided British policy in India, which belonged nominally to the East India Company until the middle of the nineteenth century.

During the nineteenth century it was generally held that a colonial expedition should be as cheap as possible and that compensation for ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

penditure ought to be rapidly forthcoming. The conquest of Algeria in 1830, which required 100 battleships, 500 transports, and fighting troops of 36,000 men, was made possible by an 80 million franc loan ($5,280,000). However, after the conquest of Algiers, the treasury of the Algerian Regency, amounting to 50 million gold francs ($3,300,000), fell into the lap of the conquerors. The enterprise became costly only during the ten years that followed. The rebellion led by the Arabian emir, Abd-el-Kader, forced the French to maintain a North African army of 115,000 men.

Subsequent French colonial conquests were very inexpensive. A few thousand men were able to make definite gains in Indo-China during the reign of Napoleon III, for the decisive blows were dealt by courageous explorers and officers with a mere handful of soldiers. On the other hand, the tragic Mexican expedition of 1861–1866 was unusually expensive. France sent 28,000 men to America. And the total cost of this long and futile campaign rose to 350 million gold francs ($231,000,000), which was a very high figure at the time, exceeding the total cost of some European wars.

The partition of Africa after 1880 was an inexpensive venture. The skillful creation of the Belgian Colonial Empire under Leopold II cost almost nothing, and the German African colonies involved the outlay of insignificant sums of money, which rose to higher figures only later when it was necessary to put down rebellion.

French conquests in Central Africa were also carried out very cheaply. The conquest of French West Africa lasted forty years. But it was carried on by small military units. The regions of Equatorial Africa fell to France for an even lower price. The brilliant explorer, Savorgnan de Brazza, acquired what is to-day the French Congo through friendly relations with the natives and without striking a single blow. The total cost of his expedition was less than two million francs ($132,000). The conquest of Tunisia and Madagascar, however, was more expensive, for here France came to grips with a semi-civilized population. In 1881, an army of 35,000 men had to be mobilized for the conquest of Tunisia; and, in order to subdue the Hova at Madagascar, who possessed an army of 40,000 men trained in the European fashion, France had to send 15,000 men overseas.

II

England employed similar methods in the conquest of Egypt and the Sudan. The British Government held to the principle that colonial campaigns should not be expensive. In order to save money England exposed her troops to the greatest dangers. The ultimate conqueror of the Sudan, General Kitchener, was ordered to keep down expenses to an extreme degree. He had at his disposal a very small budget, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer granted him at the beginning of the campaign, so that his expenditures were strictly limited and he could not buy even an extra cartridge. However, England did wonderfully well from the very beginning in her Northeast African campaigns. The Suez Canal, which the British Government bought for four million pounds sterling ($19,700,000) from the bankrupt Egyptian Khedive, is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth to-day six times more in gold money than at the time of purchase.

When they set out to conquer South Africa, the English at first believed that they could get along with relatively small military units. When the Boer War broke out in 1899,—and we must admit that the beginning of this war was somewhat hastened by the Boers themselves,—England had only 27,000 men in South Africa. The British expeditionary corps suffered several serious defeats at the hands of its more numerous and better-equipped opponent. But this was not an unusual beginning for an English colonial war. After this first set-back, England put all her forces into play, and the Boer War thus became the greatest and the most expensive of all modern colonial enterprises. Toward the end of the war, in the spring of 1902, England had mobilized 380,000 men, 300,000 of whom were in South Africa. These figures seem enormous if we consider that the Boer States numbered a little over 1,000,000 inhabitants, with only 280,000 whites. The expenses corresponded to the size of the expeditionary force, the distance from the home front, and the duration of the war. According to a report made in the House of Commons in August, 1903, the Boer War cost Great Britain 222,970,000 pounds sterling ($1,100,000,000).

It goes without saying that England did not incur this expense without a definite aim: she was not fighting this war merely as a matter of prestige; for she knew in advance what she could make out of the Boer Republic. The gold and diamond mines alone, the exploitation of which the Boers had obstinately opposed, yielded during the five years immediately following the war as much as the total cost of the entire campaign.

The colonial conquests that took place during the ten years immediately preceding the World War have varied characteristics. The occupation of Morocco in 1907–1911 is an excellent example of territory cheaply acquired. It is true that French colonial experts have recently estimated the total cost of the conquest of Morocco at 12 billion francs ($792,000,000) at the present rate of exchange. This sum, however, includes the expense of pacifying the Moroccan mountain districts over a period of twenty years, the repression of the Riff rebellion, and also, no doubt, the up-keep of a large garrison permanently stationed in Morocco. The conquest itself was carried out by small military units. Thus the expeditionary corps that seized Casablanca in 1907 included only 6,000 men. The immediate costs of this particular conquest were relatively unimportant.

In contrast to results achieved, the Italian colonial campaigns in Africa were far more expensive. Already at the time of the first campaign in Abyssinia, which ended so badly for the Italians after the defeat of Adowa in March, 1896, the expeditionary corps numbered 50,000 men. Italy's unfortunate experiences on this occasion prompted her to make use of even more troops to conquer Tripoli in 1911. They occupied the ports without encountering any resistance,—at the beginning there were only 3,000 regular troops in Tripolitania,—but behind Tripoli stood Turkey, and the Italians had to send 120,000 men to Africa in order to conquer a narrow strip of land back of the seacoast. The campaign,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which lasted an entire year, cost Italy over a billion gold lire (over $81,000,000).

III

However, all this seems trivial indeed in comparison with the expenses that Mr. Mussolini has incurred in his new Ethiopian campaign. It is a fact unique in the colonial history of all times that, at the beginning of hostilities, a white army of 200,000 men, equipped in the most modern fashion and supplied with all kinds of provisions, was ready to wage war at the frontier of a foreign country. Never before had a great empire increased its national army by several hundred thousand men for the sake of a colonial campaign. Obviously, this kind of military preparation requires sums of money that cannot be compared to the expenses incurred at the beginning of previous colonial campaigns. Even during the summer of 1935, Italian sources of information set the cost of Italian mobilization at five billion lire ($405,000,000). Since then the Italians have carefully avoided making any calculations about the cost. Even Italy's losses in gold and foreign currency become increasingly difficult to estimate with any accuracy.

Nevertheless we can get some idea of the expense involved in the present war from previous experiences. Although there is not much ammunition being used to-day, the up-keep of a force of 300,000 men on the march in one of the most unfriendly regions of Africa is being under- rather than over-estimated if we set the figure at 6 or 7 million lire per month ($486,000 to $567,000). To this figure we should add the reënforcement of domestic troops, the supplementary up-keep of about 40,000 men in Tripolitania, the subsidies granted to the families of men fighting in Africa. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to estimate the total cost of the Ethiopian campaign at one billion lire per month ($81,000,000). And this, of course, takes no account of the economic repercussions of sanctions, of the drop that Italian stocks and bonds will suffer both on the home market and abroad, and of the other consequences that war entails. But the immediate costs of the war alone have reached a high mark that has been surpassed only once in colonial history —at the time of the Boer War. And even if the results of the Ethiopian expedition are favorable to the Italians from a military point of view, it is altogether probable that they will have a much harder time recovering their investment than the English had in South Africa.

II. Mussolini and the Young Men

A Leading Editorial

Translated from *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris Italian Anti-Fascist Weekly

THE THEORY that Mussolini is carrying on a foreign war for purposes of domestic politics is gaining ground in international opinion. But that opinion, systematically deceived about the realities of the Italian situation, does not understand the fundamental causes of Mussolini's decision.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War, fatal conclusion of dictatorships; the economic crisis and the resulting discontent; the failure of the corporative reforms—all these are fair explanations; but they are too general. One must recognize frankly that the pressure of the opposition was not sufficient to compel Mussolini to seek escape in a foreign adventure. Indeed, the period 1932 to 1934 probably represents the culmination of Fascist vigor, and the low-point of anti-Fascism.

But in these years a development was maturing which in appearance seemed full of the ferment of life, while in reality it signified the beginning of the decomposition of Fascism; and it matured the more rapidly the more unassailable Fascism appeared, and the more definitely the opposition seemed to have been conquered. As long as Mussolini was able to entrench himself behind the necessities of defense, waving the red rag of the opposition, it was easy for him to continue his politics of demagogy and improvisation, silencing the heterodox forces and the young men. But with 1932 Fascism found itself, for the first time in its history, face to face with itself, the master of the state, free to direct its own dynamism in whatever direction it wished. The new generation, brought up in the Fascist climate, accustomed to looking on itself as the only authentic representative of the new spirit, was pressing forward, so that, the negative period of the battle against the opposition being over, it might pass to the constructive period. Squadrism, the March on Rome, the struggle against the Aventine—these might serve as subjects for floods of Fascist pictures and poems; but in the hearts of the young men they evoked scarcely an echo. The young men, or, at least, the minority which counted, wanted the Fascist revolution, so much of which was madness, to go on. Still sick from the maladies of the Fascist age, pragmatists, opportunists, disparagers of reason and of ideals and of all the things they called 'soft,' they did not have a precise program of action. But they desired action which should not be purely and simply administration for the greater glory of Mussolini.

II

The economic crisis and the development of the syndicalist apparatus had concentrated their attention rather on social problems than on political ones—granted always a prudent conduct of the dictatorship in matters of foreign policy. Mussolini seemed to have made up his mind to create the corporations. He declared that capitalism had been liquidated; he encouraged advanced tendencies among the young men. Thus it came about that the thinking part of the new generation threw itself into discussion and groped for its way on the social plane.

Here lies the key to the question. While for Mussolini the corporative reform was simply a demagogic device for resisting the difficult period of the crisis, for many young Fascists it represented the hope of entering a period of great social transformations. Mussolini was and is acting in bad faith. The young men who followed him were, even in their extreme confusion, acting in good faith.

Especially in the syndicates, where thousands of elements from the small bourgeoisie had found an outlet, there developed in these last years a strong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Left tendency. Even some of the young anti-Fascists, fooled by the failures of the revolutionary movement, approached the syndicalist element as a unique circle where it was still possible, if not to do, at least to say something: the Spirito group, on the one hand, which translated to the plane, and into the language, of Fascism some of the communist doctrines; and, on the other hand, the group of the youngest syndicalist leaders—Cianetti, Fontanelli, etc.—which seemed determined to attack the problem of the distribution of wealth. In these years the various reviews of these circles were notable for the complaints they contained.

In the circles of the young Fascists, on the editorial staffs, there grew up in this way an atmosphere, if not of intellectual fervor, at least of agitation, of expectation, into which there came some clear echoes of the misery of the people, of the impotence of the syndicates, and, above all,—here is the point—of Mussolini's double game.

If it was a question of salaries, or of the workers' representation in the factories, or of the choice of directors, or of the powers to be entrusted to the corporations, or of the control of prices, when they came to the kernel of the question, it was always the owners' theory, or a hybrid compromise, that won out. To take an example, one among many: before Mussolini delivered his speech to the workers at Milan, it was decided in syndicalist circles that Mussolini had now been won over to the theory of the corporative revolution. The Milan speech, which was advertised sensationally, did not furnish any proof of this; except for some demagogic assertions, it was absolutely empty. The disillusionment of the syndicalist ranks was great.

III

What had happened? The industrialists, frightened by these voices, had gone to Mussolini. They had said that the reforms of which people were talking would imperil the already unstable position of the export industries. And Mussolini gave way.

In the end, the impossibility of attacking and solving the great social problems of the Italian people under a Fascist régime, and in the 'consulship of Mussolini,' began to grow clear. The creation, so many years postponed, of the corporations gave the hope its *coup de grace*. The Fascist mountain had brought forth a mouse, a little mouse in the livery of a minister, at the service of the dictator and his masters.

And in 1934 the discontent in young Fascist circles rose to flood tide. There was talk of a second revolution. There was open criticism of Mussolini. The newspapers published astronomical figures of the Fascist finances. But anyone who is familiar with the background knows that between 1932 and 1934 Fascism as a movement, as a dynamic force, had died. It was taken over by the profiteers, the despairing, the blackmailers, the starving, by the hundreds and the thousands, while the young men either abandoned it or remained hostile and disillusioned. If there had been any great leader, this would have been the moment for revolt.

Mussolini knew all this, and in 1934 he was at the parting of the ways. He could either march with the radical wing, or go in another direction. The one thing he could not do was to re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

main where he was, if only for reasons of temperament. Fascism was crumbling in his hands.

Why did Mussolini not throw in his lot with the syndicalists? The answer is very simple. Because Mussolini knew them to be weak and isolated, because he knew that the great conservative forces which buttress the dictatorship would have liquidated him rapidly, while the forces of the workers and the peasants had been crushed by thirteen years of reaction. The return of Farinacci entered, among other things, into his decision. Besides, when has a revolution ever been made from above? When has a totalitarian dictator ever thrown himself into a hand-to-hand fight?

Not wishing to go with the syndicalists, and being unable to continue to play the mountebank, Mussolini resolved on the African War. The decision was taken almost certainly in the summer of 1934. He knows how to gamble all to gain all; but the gambling is on relatively solid ground, and he is leaning on all the armed forces of the State, on the army, which is still an important element in Italy, carrying to a paroxysm his personal cult and his power. The war permits him to defeat or to silence the young men, not by crushing them as Hitler did on the 30th of June, but by hurling them upon Africa.

The African War, then, is not merely the war of Fascist dictatorship against the Italian people; it is also Mussolini's war against a minority of young Fascists who have taken seriously the corporative reforms and made themselves the unconscious spokesmen of the present hardships.

III. Mussolini at St. Helena: His Diary

By Georges de la Fouchardière

Translated from *L'Œuvre*, Paris Radical Socialist Daily

Longwood, May 15, 1936.

My career is ended. I have arrived at the height of my fame. I have come abreast of Napoleon, my model. I have even surpassed him.

Napoleon's military fame began in East Africa as did mine. But it took Napoleon fifteen years to get from the Pyramids to St. Helena. I needed only six months.

Like Napoleon, I first quarreled with the Pope and then came to terms with him. Also, like Napoleon, I first came to terms with the English and then quarreled with them. Still like Napoleon, I became a victim of perfidious Albion, who cannot bear great men when they are not English.

The English took advantage of the fact that my *Grande Armée* was in Ethiopia. Two officers called for me at my palace. Their mandate was signed by the Allies, whose general staff is in Geneva. I told the British officers that it would only be fitting and historical to perform the farewell scene in the courtyard. Once upon a time British officers permitted a farewell scene at Fontainebleau: that set a precedent.

But there was nobody in the courtyard to whom I could say adieu. Nevertheless I spoke, for the sake of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myself, for the sake of principle, for posterity. Then I turned to the officers, gave them the Fascist salute and said:—

'It is with the utmost confidence that I take asylum with the high-minded people that . . .'

One of the officers said something like: 'Shut your mouth.' I wonder if Napoleon was also told to shut up when he courteously declared that he was taking refuge with the English people? Otherwise, however, tradition was very obligingly respected. I was shipped to St. Helena. The ship that carried me did not bear the name of *Bellerophon*. I suppose it was courtesy on the part of the government to requisition for my trip one of those boats that sail regularly to the Lipari Islands, those Islands which I seized as indispensable to the safety of Italian waters during the Ethiopian campaign.

***

I have had news from my sons and from my son-in-law, Count Ciano, who have been interned in Yugoslavia for flying over Negro villages and dropping bombs on the straw huts.

Tradition above all . . . Austria keeps the eaglets captive.

***

Abyssinian Petroleum, as my amiable prison guard reports (he never spares me a single bit of unpleasant news), to-day registered £15 7s. 4d. on the London Stock Exchange. It is an English corporation, mind you . . . But a seat on the board of directors has been reserved for the Duke of Aubervilliers (the community of which Laval is mayor). Thus Ethiopia is not lost to the world.

***

Napoleon's prison guard was Hudson Lowe. Mine is Lloyd George. He is a former British statesman who became unpopular and was given this position of trust. He will have a place in history as Mussolini's supervisor. At present, he is rather annoying. He continues the work of Hudson Lowe.

When I was just on the point of standing up at the promontory of the island in my coat, with my hand in my lapel, and my hat on my head (Napoleon's hat was a tricorne; mine is round like a pie, something between a groom's cap and that of a cossack), I heard my guard snicker behind me: 'Grotesque and ridiculous!' The formula is not his own. Mr. Snowden is its inventor.

For some time I have been suffering from liver trouble . . . So did He! . . .

One day, the triumphant return of my remains will certainly be celebrated. A tomb of porphyry in the Capitol . . . History repeats itself.

—Benito Mussolini

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A leading English Socialist reflects on the defeat of the British Labor Party and suggests a program for the future; a Frenchman tells of the success of Spain's reactionary Catholics in regaining most of the powers that the Revolution took away from them.

REACTION *and* Reform

British Labor and the Catholics of Spain

I. Why the Labor Party Failed

By G. D. H. Cole

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THIS is a time for facing hard facts. At the close of the general election of 1935 a Labor majority in Parliament looks farther off than at any time since 1918. The Labor landslide of 1931 could be plausibly explained away; the disappointing recovery of 1935 imperatively demands straight thinking. Labor, to be sure, has gained about a hundred seats; but it is no stronger now than after the 'Red Letter' election of 1924, and not much more than half as strong as it was in 1929. The Liberals, who helped in 1923 and 1929 to provide a 'progressive' majority, have been almost wiped out as an independent force. A new 'minority' Labor government, even if anyone wanted it, seems nearly as improbable as a Labor government with a clear majority behind it.

Labor holds the coalfields, the East End of London, the Potteries, and a minority of the seats in some of the great industrial towns. But the Tories and their 'National' allies, who are Tories in all but name, hold nearly all the agricultural seats, the business and better-class residential areas, solid Birmingham and the Black Country,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most of the new housing areas round London and the other big cities, and, wonder of wonders, most of textile Lancashire. Moreover, it is a significant fact that on the whole the Labor Party holds the smaller and the Conservative Party the more populous constituencies. The areas in which Labor is strongest are being depopulated by industrial transference and slum-clearance, and the growing areas to which the people are moving mostly return Conservative members. Redistribution of seats, if it comes, seems likely on balance to weaken Labor's hold.

It is of no use to burk these facts; they must be faced unless we are to acquiesce in an indefinite continuance of Tory rule. The industrial proletariat cannot possibly win by itself an electoral majority, and it is actually becoming with every year a smaller fraction of the electorate. If there is to be ever again a parliamentary government of the Left in Great Britain, the industrial proletariat and the growing mass of 'blackcoats' next above it in social status and income must be ranged predominantly on the same side.

It is obvious that they are not so ranged to-day. The great majority of the 'black-coated' dwellers in the old residential quarters and in the huge new suburbs built by private enterprise have voted 'National' in 1935, as they did in 1931. The 'National' Government has lost the manual workers who were scared into voting for it four years ago; but it has held the great majority of the intermediate classes who 'went Labor' in 1929. Far more of the Liberal vote has gone 'National' than Labor. The 'non-political' voters have voted 'National' by a very large majority; and far more of them than were generally expected have gone to the poll.

II

Why does this situation exist? Why does the majority of the electorate prefer company directors to trade-union officials and aristocrats to 'nobodies' as its representatives in Parliament? The answer is that it does not, to any significant extent. It has voted not for the company directors and the aristocrats, but for Mr. Baldwin and against socialism, as it understands socialism through the medium of the press, the wireless, and a great mass of effective Conservative propaganda. It has voted for Mr. Baldwin because he looks 'safe'; it has voted against socialism because socialism and the socialist leadership do not. It has voted for 'safety first'—for keeping to the ills it has rather than embarking on dangerous-looking adventures in the search for remedies.

If the Left wants a parliamentary majority in the near future, it must frankly accept the implications of this attitude on the part of the electorate. In Great Britain the era of post-war excitement is over. British capitalism has not collapsed, and no longer appears to be threatened with collapse. Socialism has receded, and most people have settled down again to making the best of things as they are. It is not a very good best, or likely to be; for the new stability of British capitalism is establishing itself at a low level, with two millions still out of work and the problem of the depressed areas still quite unsolved. But there are more people in relatively secure jobs than out of them; business profits have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a substantial recovery; serious suffering is mainly isolated in a few areas and can therefore be discounted as an electoral force.

Of course, a new European war could speedily shatter our stability, break up our economic system, and lead us to—what? To socialism, perhaps; but quite as probably to Fascism in some peculiar anglicized form. But the threat of war, real as it is, does not mean that war is certain or greatly influences present electoral prospects. The general election would not have gone differently to any appreciable extent if there had been no international issues at all before the voters. What there were appeared much too confusingly to determine the vote.

The plain fact is that the floating vote, which settles how the country is to be governed, is scared of Labor. It mistrusts the Labor Party's competence, and it also suspects it of confiscatory designs upon the 'small man.' These are the legacies of 1931, which the program-making of the past four years has by no means wiped away. Moreover, since 1931 Labor has become the victim of yet another scare. Some of its leaders are suspected of favoring 'dictatorship'; and the Nazi triumph in Germany has frightened people back to their old allegiance to the parliamentary system. Of course, the Labor Party hates dictatorship much more fervently than the Tories do; and the last thing it contemplates is any sort of attack upon the property of the small saver. But these facts do not save it from being represented as the 'dangerous' party; and there is no one who can answer for it, so as to be believed, with the soothing reassurance that is Mr. Baldwin's unfailing electoral trump-card.

The Labor Party, in fact, lacks an effective leader more than anything else; and until it finds one, and is prepared to trust him to speak to the people in its name, it will fail even to win back the ground that has been lost. The choice of the right leader is even more important than the reconsideration of policy, for the electors who are outside the party fold can be made to appreciate a policy only when it comes to them as the authentic voice of an individual who possesses the quality of personifying a creed.

III

What, then, is the appropriate policy for the Labor Party if it is set on overcoming the obstacles in the way of its electoral victory? A great many people will assuredly seek to persuade it that the right course is to renounce the hope of socialism and concentrate the forces of the Left round an agreed program of meliorative social reform. We believe this conclusion to be hopelessly wrong. A program of social reform without socialism would rally a dwindling body of Liberals only at the cost of antagonizing a far larger body of working-class support. It would drain away many of the most active local Labor workers to Communism or the Independent Labor Party and cause many more simply to sulk in their tents. It would not rally the floating 'non-political' vote; and, even if the chance came of trying to put it into effect, it would be at the mercy of trade fluctuations and the ebb of capitalist 'confidence' which any considerable increase in taxation would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speedily provoke. This, however, is the way the Labor Party is likely to go unless an alternative policy can be clearly defined.

The alternative policy, as we see it, must combine two qualities—constructiveness and reassurance. In addition to offering social reform which will immediately benefit those most in need, it must be constructively socialist, but over an explicitly limited field; and it must be based on saying plainly and unequivocally what will *not* be done, as well as what will. It must be aimed at driving a wedge between the great monopolists and the mass of small property-owners; and it must give the latter an unambiguous promise that nothing will be done or attempted against them. It must set out to socialize, for without considerable socialization there is no prospect of improving the condition of the people. But it must socialize within a defined and limited sphere—mines, railways, electricity, banking, and perhaps a very few more basic industries and services now under large-scale capitalist control.

It must, on the other hand, definitely not socialize, but improve the position of, the farmers, the small traders, the proprietors of small and middle-sized businesses in the great majority of industries, by pursuing a policy of cheap credit and economic expansion and, where necessary, by reorganizing the methods of marketing. It must guarantee proper compensation for all socialized property, complete security of deposits in banks, building societies, and any other institutions in which the 'small man' is accustomed to deposit his savings. It must make it clear that it proposes to lessen inequalities of wealth, not by sectional confiscation but only by taxation levied equitably upon all forms of excessive riches.

This, it may be urged, is not really very different from the Labor Party's existing policy. In a sense, that is true. But there is nevertheless a vital difference. In the first place, it is plain that the Labor Party has not succeeded in getting the electorate to understand what its practical policy is, as distinct from its ultimate aims; and, secondly, it has never explicitly delimited its objectives so as to declare unequivocally what it does not intend to do, as well as what it does intend, if it gets into power. Indeed, it has done the opposite by adopting programs obviously including far more than could possibly be translated into actualities by even the most energetic socialist government, except over a long period of office.

This inclusiveness of the party program has, moreover, been fostered by the active socialists in the party, for they have always tried to get as much socialism into it as the party as a whole could be induced to swallow. This policy I now believe to have been a mistake, for the refusal to delimit the party's objectives in plain terms has made it possible for the Tories to quote against Labor isolated passages from the writings of unofficial socialists (such as myself) as if they were official Labor Party pronouncements. I, as a socialist, advocate all sorts of things which I see little hope of translating into political practice for a long time to come—things which I neither wish nor expect the Labor Party to embody in its parliamentary policy. So does every other socialist, and there is no way of avoiding this. But such freedom of expression would be wholly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good, and would have no inconvenient consequences, if only the official Labor program were as explicit in its limits as in its positive proposals and were confined strictly to what a Labor government would actually set out to do.

IV

This, then, is the situation. Communism, as a political policy for Great Britain, can be ruled out altogether for the present. So can socialism, if socialism means a sudden and complete change of economic system. There remain only two alternatives for those who are not prepared to acquiesce in an indefinite continuance of things as they are. These two alternatives are, first, social reform without socialism and, secondly, limited socialism with social reform. The latter seems to me to offer the only real hope of rallying an electoral majority and thereafter giving that majority concrete results which will justify a renewal of its mandate; and I should like to see the leaders of the Labor Party settling down promptly to reframe their electoral policy along these lines. If they will, I believe that, with a new depression perhaps not very far off, they stand a good chance of winning the allegiance of enough of the 'blackcoats' and the 'small men' to turn the scale in far more constituencies than were won for Labor in 1929. They will get, for such a policy, all the Liberals who can be got at all for any progressive policy; and they will bring to their side most of the young voters who are at present often antagonized by the existing confusion of voices on the Labor side.

As for the whole-hogging socialists, such as I am, I believe most of them, without abandoning any of their socialism, would readily fall in behind a limited socialist policy, provided only that it were embodied in a definite plan of action to be realized within a limited time and proclaimed under the auspices of a leader chosen by the voice of the party and given adequate authority to act as its spokesman to the people.

II. Spanish Catholics and the Vatican

By Jean Canu

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

DURING the few relatively calm years Europe enjoyed after Germany entered the League of Nations, the Vatican's political activity was an object of great general interest. That was the time when the Papacy condemned the Action Française and did all in its power to draw the French Catholics, not so much to the Republic, as to the conciliatory and antinationalist attitude represented by Aristide Briand. That was the time when the Catholic Center Party ruled Germany in alliance with the Socialists, who were respectful of the influence of the Church, and when good Chancellor Brüning never missed a chance to hear mass in public and to declare war against war. That was also the time when a monk, Mgr. Seipel, was absolute master of the obscure destinies of the Austrian republic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Empress Zita and her eldest son returned from Rome loaded with benedictions and wise counsels of moderation. And why, indeed, should Rome have favored the restoration of the Hapsburgs at a time when autonomous Catholicism, in conformance with papal encyclicals, was on the point of triumphing in Vienna, a Catholicism that would serve in the future as a model for Germany, which was anxious to attract Austria and to form a model state in the center of Europe, a profoundly religious state as far as the organization of its political and social life was concerned? And lastly it was a time when the Vatican, noting the waning prestige of the King of Spain after a certain trip to Deauville, authorized, if it did not actually advise, certain religious orders to take steps with a view to possible future alliance with the government of to-morrow, and to take precautions against the threatening storm.

The Jesuits, as prudent in appearance and as reckless in actuality as the Spanish sovereigns themselves, transferred their wealth to foreign countries, Italy in particular. Moreover, many excellent Catholics, who were disgusted with the dictatorship and the none-too-saintly dictator and who had quarreled with His Most Catholic Majesty, whose private life left much to be desired, joined the opposition and were ready to establish in Spain a republican and theocratic state. Their efforts were similar to those made by others in Austria and in Germany.

The Vatican's political activity will not seem altogether illogical if we bear in mind the different countries to which it applied. 'A Left-wing policy,' cried (or murmured) the adversaries of the Vatican—Catholic, bourgeois, unimaginative, and supremely frightened of the social consequences it might involve. The Vatican merely smiled and went on its way, for it had long since transcended this crude and childish terminology of Left and Right, which perhaps had some basis of fact in the nineteenth century but which, because of the growing importance of the masses in political life and the people's concrete desire for economic and social improvements, has outlived its usefulness.

It would be cruel, and perhaps imprudent, to point out the deplorable results that these papal instructions seemed for a time to have achieved in France, Germany, Austria, and Spain; and, we may add, in Belgium and Holland. Between 1926 and 1932 the Vatican seems to have bet on the wrong horse in every case, and the consequences of this ill-luck have been tragic for the Spanish Catholics and are more tragic than ever for the German Catholics. *Errare humanum est*—for papal infallibility fortunately does not apply to the political activity of the Pope—*sed perseverare diabolicum*. The Papacy is not in the hands of Anti-Christ; the Papacy is in the hands of a man who seems to have made a mistake, a serious mistake. He has not waited for his errors to become manifest before correcting and limiting them.

In Austria, following Hitler's accession to power, the change in orientation has been obvious. Nowadays the Hapsburgs receive more than smiles and prayers from the Vatican. Although M. Laval is preparing France for another possible war, Pius XI re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceived him with more honors than he would have granted even to Aristide Briand. Hitler's Germany is more difficult to handle. We can readily see that the Vatican is doing everything in its power to maintain at least some contact with triumphant National Socialism. Let us now study more closely the Vatican's attitude toward the Spanish Republic.

II

At the beginning, as everyone knows, the Spanish Republic disappointed a certain part of the clergy and the faithful of Spain. Because he was well known to be a devout and practising Catholic, the Spanish revolutionaries of the Azaña group chose Mr. Alcala Zamora to play the theoretical rôle of head of the State. The Spanish revolutionaries invited several pious and edifying members of the Cortes to form part of the Ministry, in particular, Sanches Albornoz, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is still deputy from the Spanish Lourdes, Avila. Under cover of these precautions, which were designed to show the people that the Socialist Left bore no grudge against traditional religion, Azaña and his friends pursued a violent anti-clerical policy and urged their men to pillage and burn down churches and convents. To guarantee that their work would survive in future times, they extended the measures originally directed against the Jesuits and included in the Constitution orders of dissolution applying also to the other religious orders, which until then had been tolerated and only despoiled of their wealth. They also launched an attack against the secular church, which was henceforth deprived of its revenue. Thus they thought to have destroyed the economic power of Catholicism. Then the Acción Católica, the Spanish Catholic Action, entered the ring.

In the face of this wave of anti-clericalism, the Papacy took care to avoid all pretexts for breaking with the Revolutionary Government. The apostolic nuncio in Madrid protested courteously and kept on smiling. When the persecution had reached its height, the diplomatic relations between the two Powers were simply suspended. By common consent the diplomats took a vacation. Apparently only obscure attachés of the Embassy maintained connections between the Vatican and Spain.

But the Papacy did not merely remain on the defensive. The Pope understood that, for the time being, two great institutions were equally discredited in the Very Catholic Kingdom, the Church and the Monarchy. But Spanish religious feeling remained: to it the appeal must be made. The Papacy asked the Spanish faithful to form groups on an exclusively religious basis, to regain the vitality that they had lost, to create new activities that would appeal particularly to the young people, to the men and women living in the cities and in the country. To direct so broad a movement, the Pope found the man he needed, Señor Herrera.

In reality, although the Vatican issued the official instructions, inspiration probably came from the man who was to execute the Pope's orders. To-day Herrera is the man most capable of influencing Spanish destiny. And yet his name is scarcely known abroad. The author of this article was fortunate enough to spend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a few days with him at Santander last summer. Herrera had come to close an extraordinary session of the Catholic University in Santander, which instructs priests and laical propagandists in the doctrine and methods of the Catholic Action. This gentleman, who uses gestures sparingly, whose manners are elegant, courteous, and reserved, appears to be the purest product of Jesuit education. One suspects he has a general culture that he takes no pains to reveal. He speaks German and French fluently. But he is not a mass-meeting orator, a popular tribune after the manner of Gil Robles, who owes his position as Minister of War and leader of Spanish Catholicism to Herrera's protection. But, before a picked audience of initiates and sympathizers, his somewhat dry elocution, his precise phraseology, and his methodical manner achieve a triumphant clarity. And, in the peroration of his speeches, certain harsh accents in his voice, an involuntary warmth of delivery reveal a man who has devoted his life to a great passion, the triumph of Spanish Catholicism.

During a recent trip to Spain, in the course of which I met men of all political tendencies, I became convinced that no one doubts Herrera's Catholicism. Herein—and also in his perfect harmony with papal objectives and, as some say, in his perfect coöperation with the Jesuits—lies his power.

But we should not overlook his qualities of leadership, his natural aptitude to command without appearing to be a commander, to assign each man a task and convince him that he has chosen it himself. For this man possesses an extraordinary intelligence, lucid in its analysis, swift in its conclusions, moving within certain fixed limits with ease and suppleness.

III

There never was a more strictly religious organization in appearance than the Catholic Action. In each city and village, the task of this organization is to organize the faithful, to bring the lukewarm back to the Church and the hesitants back to their faith, to struggle against impiety and immorality in all its forms. The last three years have witnessed the formation of various associations, each one of which has its own objective and its own methods. One recruits the fathers, another the mothers, a third the young men, a fourth the young women. There is a strict separation of generations and sexes in conformity with the traditional customs of the Church.

In the large cities we sometimes see groups that address themselves to a particular social category—students, employees, artisans, workers. Each one of these *Juntas*—the momentous word that runs from one end of Spanish history to another—is headed by men of the laity: the Church does no more than to approve of the choice and to appoint a clergyman as counselor. Thus, in principle, the Catholic Action is independent of the Church's hierarchy. This distinction was very useful, particularly in 1932, when the anti-clericals were in power. It is still interesting to-day, for the task at hand is to stir the faithful by making a direct appeal to them and to make them arouse a clergy that has a decided tendency to fall asleep.

All this is very well, you will say,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it has nothing to do with the Spanish Catholics as such. But, in the first place, the moralizing activity of the Catholic Action has brought it into contact with the public, whether it was working for the banning of an immoral film or whether it was trying to have certain erotic publications removed from the newsstands. Furthermore, charity being the first duty of a Christian, the Catholic Action has not fallen down on this point. In these times, when the misery of the Spanish people is more evident than usual, it has multiplied its charitable organizations to care for the sick, the children, etc. A well-planned task requires methodical execution. On the one hand, one must weed out false beggars and voluntary unemployed; on the other hand, one must find the poor who are ashamed to be poor, the outcasts who hide their poverty. Thus, in many large cities, the Catholic Action has established a carefully prepared register showing the resources, relatives, parents, good or bad reputation of each family, and thus giving all the information necessary for a wise distribution of charity. But could not these files serve some other purpose, if the necessity should arise?

IV

This insinuation is not made lightly. While Catholic Action groups appear in each parish, each community witnesses the appearance of a section of the Popular Action, an openly political organization which attempts to rally all Catholics around a minimum program—dissolution of the Cortes and revision of the Constitution to exclude the measures directed against the Church (a remarkable parallelism!). In theory, of course, the Popular Action and the Catholic Action have nothing in common, and the leadership is not identical.

Before the Revolution, Herrera played an important political rôle. He tried unsuccessfully to interest first Alphonso XIII and then Primo de Rivera in a system of Christian corporatism. As editor of an important Catholic paper, which is also the largest paper in Madrid, the *Debate*, he had succeeded in detaching the Church from the Monarchy. After the Revolution, in order to devote himself entirely to the Catholic Action, he gave up the editorship of the *Debate* and all affiliation with any political party. But it was he who chose Gil Robles from among the young Catholic deputies to become the leader of the Popular Action. In reality, these two organizations include the same people and work toward the same goal—the triumph of theocratic and corporative Catholicism.

Herrera is at the head of these movements: both the bishops and the faithful admit this. Up to now, his tactics have succeeded. The Catholics hold over one-third of the seats in the Cortes. At first they tolerated the Radical Ministry of Lerroux, then they supported it, finally they entered it, and Gil Robles seized power by becoming Minister of War. The abortive Socialist and Communist Revolution of October, 1934, and the horrors that followed it have contributed to the natural progress of the two Actions, the Catholic Action preparing the course for the political success of the Popular Action. To-day the Catholics are again masters of Spain.

But Herrera is careful not to tri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umph openly. Being timid and modest, he avoids all publicity. You will almost never see his name in the press, and he takes pleasure in hiding behind the figure of Gil Robles. The triumph of Catholicism, moreover, is not yet complete. The Catholics are always on the verge of falling out, and the Royalists have not yet foresworn their hopes. It is they, indeed, who form the most active and devoted element in the Catholic youth organizations.

Herrera is careful not to make any statement about the régime. To his way of thinking, this is a secondary question. His partisans are careful to point out that, contrary to common belief, Gil Robles never pretended to be a republican. He merely said that he was acting within the limits of the present government. It is obvious that the majority of the Catholic Action members would be glad to see the monarchy restored—not the return of Alphonso XIII, which almost everyone considers impossible, but the accession to the throne of Don Juan, who will be able to reunite in his name the two rival branches of the Spanish Bourbons.

What does the Vatican think? What does Herrera think? They do not reject this solution, although they obviously would prefer another. The Austrian Constitution is held up to the Spanish Catholics as a model. Young professors go to Vienna to study it. Herrera's dream would no doubt be the formation of a Spanish state, not exactly like the Austrian—he rejects this idea with Castillian vivacity—but a similar régime.

In Santander he has just given a course on Christian corporatism, the word that is flourishing everywhere but especially in Catholic circles. Salazar of Portugal sent one of his lieutenants to Santander in order to get some supplementary information on this subject. Herrera discussed the situation admirably, but he arrived at no conclusion: unless we may call it a conclusion to say that Spain must find its own social and political destiny—monarchy, if no other solution seems possible; but a republic would be better, for a republic leaves the Church free to become all-powerful. This is the ultimate goal which the invisible and untiring leader of the Catholic Action diligently pursues in accordance with the plans of the Vatican.

To speak plainly, the existing Fascist rule, in many respects unjust, is one example of the present-day deification of Cæsarism and of the tyranny which makes the individual a pawn on the chess board of absolutism. I say that the Fascist rule prevents worse injustice, and if Fascism—which in principle I do not approve—goes under, nothing can save the country from chaos: *God's cause goes under with it.*

—Archbishop Hinsley, of London, as reported in the *Universe*, London Catholic Weekly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of these three articles, the first, by a Hungarian, concerns the geography, history, and future of Mongolia; the second, by an English traveler, tells of an adventure in Central Asia; and the third, by a Frenchman, deals with Japan's program for conquering China.

Hidden ASIA

Mongolia and the Japanese Drive

I. The Struggle for Mongolia

By Adolf Grabowsky

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

IT IS becoming more and more apparent that Manchuria, a country of great importance on its own account, is also a strategic base of the first order. It is the great East-Asiatic headquarters, the jumping-off ground for further conquests. The Manchurian gateway, the old passage between the mountains and the coast, opens the way toward North China. The Liaotung Peninsula has its counterpart in the rich and sacred province of Shantung, the home of Confucius.

One of Manchuria's neighbors is Mongolia. So the Manchurian question has given rise to the question of Mongolia. The activities of the Japanese in this region have increased amazingly in the last few months. There is no end to the 'incidents.' There is also a corresponding reaction on the part of Soviet Russia, which regards Outer Mongolia as its own property and Inner Mongolia as its sphere of influence. Reports from Moscow announce that Russian troops, 160,000 strong, are on the way to Chita, where they are to be stationed, ready at any time to march to the Mongolian frontier. Manchukuo's demands on Outer Mongolia, as well as Japan's effort to entice Outer Mongolia away from the Russian sphere of influence, are supposed to have caused

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grave apprehension in Moscow diplomatic circles. The third rival in the field is China. As late as 1923 the Soviet Union expressly assured her that Outer Mongolia would remain an inseparable part of the Chinese Republic. To-day, characteristically, China is no longer mentioned at all.

As is well known, Outer Mongolia is distinct from Inner Mongolia. But there is, besides, a third part of Mongolia, and even a fourth, as we shall see. The third part is formed by the Soviet state of Tannu Tuva. In September, 1921, Russia recognized the independence of Tannu Tuva, but in reality it is an integral part of the Soviet Union. Its capital, Khem Belder ('Red City'), has at most 2,000 inhabitants, and there are only about 60,000 in the whole country. Tannu Tuva became independent, or rather Russian, as early as 1912.

The close relations between Russia and Outer Mongolia date from pre-War times. They are the result of the Treaty of 1907 between Russia and England. This treaty demarcated the spheres of influence in Asia and assigned Mongolia to Russia. It seems obvious that Outer Mongolia and Tannu Tuva are oriented toward Siberia. Tannu Tuva is merely the region of the headwaters of the Yenisei. It is enclosed by the Sayan Mountains and the Tannu Range and is marked off from the rest of Mongolia.

Outer Mongolia, on the other hand, encloses the headwaters of the Selenga River, which flows into Lake Baikal, as well as the sources of some major tributaries of the Amur River.

Mention of the Amur brings up again the problem of Manchuria. As long as Russia exerted her influence on Manchuria, especially in the north, Japanese penetration of Mongolia was impossible. But now that Manchuria actually belongs to Japan, the close relations are having their effect. Inner Mongolia is at once threatened, for the Gobi Plateau—Gobi and Inner Mongolia are identical—slopes down gently toward Manchuria. The Great Khingan, often regarded as a considerable barrier, actually is no more than a rise in the ground, with a few higher peaks. Manchuria occupied Inner Mongolia even before the conquest of China by the Manchus. Once the Manchu Dynasty had taken firm hold in China the relations between the Governments of Manchuria and Inner Mongolia became very close. Even Outer Mongolia was then included, and the Manchurian division into hereditary clans replaced the original genealogical system.

From that time on, the main avenue of approach, to be sure, ran from northern China, from the national capital, Peiping, across the Gobi to Urga. This is the famous caravan route which continues through Kiakhta to Lake Baikal and Irkutsk. It was once the sole route of the tea-caravans to Europe. To-day a railroad runs between Peiping and Kalgan. From Kalgan on there are motor roads. In the romantic age of the stately caravans, life was more active here than it is to-day. The great stream of traffic along the thousand-year-old silk routes from China through Central Asia to the Levant has likewise vanished. All this traffic has been replaced by cheap ocean transportation. The change gradually drew attention away from Mongolia, which slipped from China's hands into those of Russia quite inconspicuously. China had become unpopular, for Chinese peas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ants had penetrated by way of the Gobi Desert and had occupied the pasture lands of the nomads.

II

In the World War Mongolia emerged once more. Among the notorious Twenty-one Demands which the Japanese ambassador Hioki presented in Peiping on January 18, 1915, there figured a desire for special consideration for Japan in Eastern Mongolia. At the time Japan was still Russia's ally; she was careful not to mention all Mongolia but only that part immediately bordering on Manchuria. But the cession of the whole of Mongolia was what she wanted.

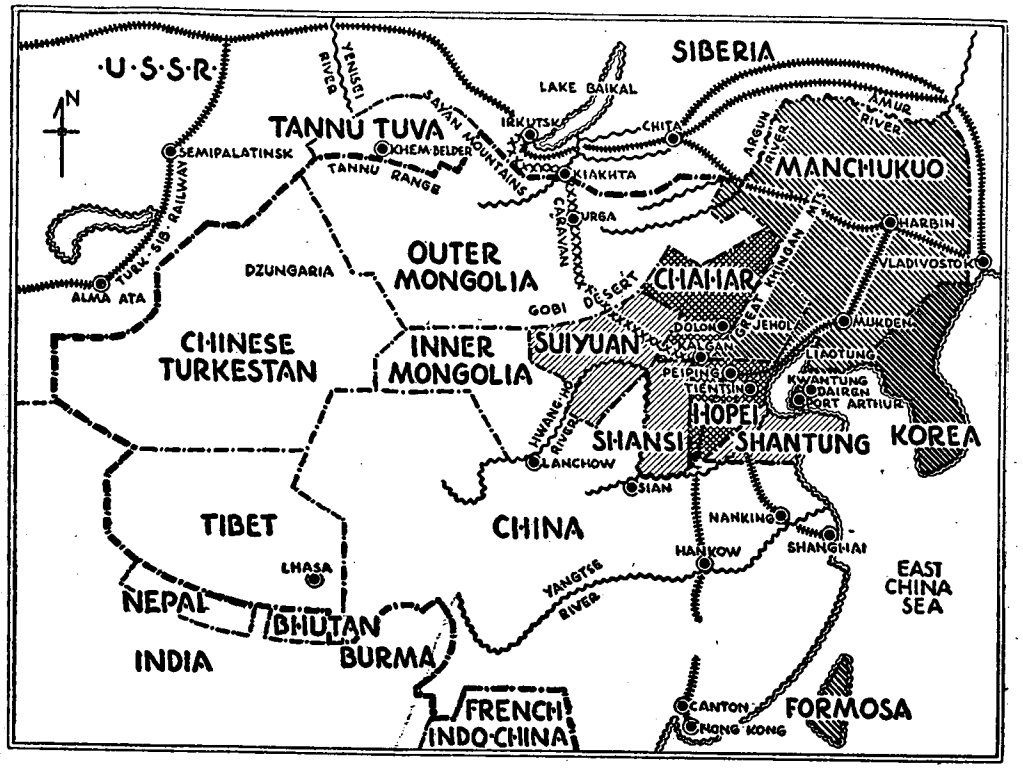
After the Bolshevist Revolution, Japan at once showed her hand. She gained a foothold in Siberia and, in Mongolia, she coöperated with the White Russians in supporting the adventurous Baron Ungern-Sternberg against both Russia and China. The Baltic baron fell into the hands of the Bolshevists and, in October, 1921, was summarily executed. Faced by the united resistance of the Anglo-Saxon Powers, Japan was forced to give way in Siberia step by step. On October 25, 1922, she evacuated her last base, Vladivostok. But she was only waiting for another chance. When Red Russia made common cause with 'pink' China, Japan laid her plans for a counter-stroke; from Outer Mongolia she would level a deadly blow against Siberia and the Trans-Siberian Railway, a blow that would sever this vital Russian artery in two.

Japan's desire for Outer Mongolia was stimulated by Soviet railway construction and planning. The Turksib Railway, which the Soviets built to unite Turkestan with Siberia, comes closest to China at Alma Ata and fairly cries out for a Chinese branch line. So far, China has only a single main line, leading from Peiping by way of Hankow to Canton, and of this the Hankow-Canton stretch is not quite completed. To this vertical line sooner or later a horizontal will be added, passing through the old gateway of Dzungaria, reaching the upper course of the Hwang-ho River and meeting the Peiping-Hankow line by way of the Wei-ho Valley. This line will start at Alma Ata, which promises to become a junction city of world importance. This will enable the cross-continent passenger to China to avoid the enormous detour by way of Harbin and Mukden, to travel rather by way of Baku, the Caspian Sea, Turkestan or Central Siberia, and to reach the heart of China at once. Such a linking of Russia with China would be fraught with grave consequences; it would dethrone the Manchurian Railway, which belongs to Japan.

Occupation of Outer Mongolia enables Soviet Russia to control the gateway of Dzungaria, the fourth part of the Mongolian territory. The Soviet Union plans another railway line across Outer Mongolia, along the old caravan route. An agreement concluded with Outer Mongolia as early as September 20, 1925, gave Russia the right to construct a line from Chita to Urga, with a railway zone of 66 miles to either side of the right-of-way. This line, of course, is later to be extended to Kalgan.

It should be pointed out that erroneous ideas about the Gobi Desert are widely prevalent. It is by no means pure desert, nor is it a '*shamo*,' an ocean of sand, as the Chinese name

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



China, Central Asia and Japan's Foothold on the Continent

Korea and the Kwantung peninsula belong to Japan; Manchukuo and Jehol are under Japanese control; Chahar and Hopei have recently been declared independent of China; and Suiyuan, Shansi and Shantung are expected to follow suit.

runs. In the east, particularly, under the influence of the monsoon rains, the Gobi has prairie districts overgrown with lush grass, forming excellent pasturage. For this reason the State of Outer Mongolia could be extended for a considerable distance into Inner Mongolia, the Gobi, a development which will become necessary if only for the reason that the social structure is undergoing rapid change.

Up until now 40 to 50 per cent of the population were unmarried lama priests. To-day, Bolshevism has made a Soviet state of this land of princes and mighty monasteries. (Besides the khans, the abbots of the ten leading monasteries used to exercise great influence.) As a matter of fact, Bolshevism is about to clean up Lamaism as a whole. This may easily lead to overpopulation; for, among the reasons that turned Tibet and Mongolia toward Lamaism, the factor of population must not be forgotten. In these unfertile countries a defense against the danger of overpopulation had to be created, and it was precisely for this reason that the lama reformer Tsong-kha-pa (about 1400) revived the practice of celibacy, which had been temporarily suspended. Perhaps, too,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the energy of the population is rising anew. One often hears that it was Lamaism which tamed the wild, warring nomads. More probably Lamaism was the result of the frightful blood-letting caused by the campaigns of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, which destroyed the flower of Mongolian manhood.

This country has a far richer future than is generally realized. Probably it has natural resources. Its strategic and geographic situation is incomparable, and it is changing its status in world affairs right under our eyes. Regions politically remote from each other become neighbors—a repetition of the age-old experience of nations.

II. Night Ride

By Peter Fleming

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

JUST before dark we had another puncture. We all got out, and Torgney drove the car slowly, on a flat tire, back to a yurt which we had passed half a mile before. The Mongols here were rather less friendly than usual, but they asked us in. We took the wheel off and Torgney and Arashi began to mend the puncture by the fire; it was too cold to do it outside. Owen and I squatted on dirty skins, and he gossiped with the owner of the yurt. I sat silent, wishing that I knew the language.

The women emptied a basket of camel dung into the mud fireplace in the middle of the floor; it always makes a cheerful, comforting noise as it rattles out of the basket. Then they melted some snow in a big black pot and made tea. They crumbled the hard flakes of brick tea over the boiling water and poured in milk and added salt. Then it was ladled into tall brass pots standing in the ashes and served in birchwood bowls. The bowls they cleaned by spitting in them and drying them on the sheepskin sleeves on which they also wiped their noses. The tea was very good.

Presently the tire was finished. Now you could see stars through the round hole in the felts which serves as chimney and window; we had many miles to go, we did not know the way, and it was clearly wise to stay where we were that night. The others wanted to stay; one night journey had already ended disastrously, with the car in a gully and a twenty-four-hour fast for us. But I was impatient to get back to Peiping, whence I wanted to start on a long journey on a certain date; and the others were very nice, pretending that they did n't care either way. So we got into the car and started off, with me feeling guilty.

I sat in front with Torgney, and we steered roughly by the stars. Torgney is a Swede. He drives with great dash but has only one eye. We bumped erratically over the iron-hard ground, going very much at random. Hills presented themselves, and we climbed up them; we struggled through tussocks in the hollows. A case of petrol slipped its moorings on the running board, but we did not find out about that till later. Presently we had another puncture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We mended it and went on. Our eyes were tired. The radiator, which leaked, boiled madly when we stopped and turned the engine off. The world was silent and empty under the stars. The guide's optimism, which had long ceased to convince, now ceased even to annoy. We drove on in a sort of stupor.

At three o'clock in the morning, much to our surprise, we arrived. Our headlights picked up the low white walls of the deserted mission station at Gol Chagan; we let the water out of the radiator and went in. We were too tired to sleep, and for a long time we sat on the wooden *k'ang*, talking and laughing and drinking tea. When the others went to sleep, I read a lot of articles in some old copies of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *Atlantic Monthly* usually puts you under pretty soon, but in the end I only got about two hours' sleep.

II

Early next morning we put a pan of hot coals under the car and thawed the engine. But she was slower than ever starting, and it was after midday when at last we lashed our luggage on and got away. We were bound for a Swedish mission station forty miles further west. The car ran beautifully down the naked valley for two miles, but as soon as we began to climb she coughed, spluttered, and stopped. No petrol was getting to the engine.

We took the carburetor down and fiddled about with it; but none of us knew anything about cars, and it was painful handling the metal on account of the cold. We turned the car round and pushed her downhill; still she would not start. We came to the conclusion that the petrol we had bought in Dolon Nor was mostly water; so we walked back to Gol Chagan and burgled one of the yurts in which the absent lady missionary kept her stores. We did the actual burgling rather well, but we took the wrong stuff without knowing it; we took kerosene instead of petrol. Then we walked back to the car, poured the kerosene into the tank, and effectually scotched our chances of escape. It was very perplexing, at the time.

We walked back again to Gol Chagan (it was now almost dark) and got three cows and some rope. The cows almost burst, but in the end we towed the car back inside the compound, let the water out of the radiator, and went indoors.

It was annoying, especially for me, who was (as usual) in a hurry. The only thing to do was to send a Mongol on a pony to the next mission station and hire their car. But we had an idea —I forget why—that those missionaries were away on a visit, and I said that I would go with the Mongol; then, if the missionaries were indeed away, I would be within two days' ride of 'Duke' Larson's camp, where I knew I could get a car to take me down to the railway at Kalgan. I felt rather bad about leaving the others potentially marooned for several days, but they agreed that it was a good plan, seeing how pressed I was for time.

The Mongol, a very bulbous centaur because of his sheepskins, rode into the compound at two o'clock in the morning. He had a white pony and led a bay for me. It was very cold. The stirrup-irons would only admit the toes of my felt boots; I was swaddled in a Soviet Army greatcoat, with a fur coat from Barga on top of that, so one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could not do much vaulting into the saddle. Snow was falling, stringing obliquely across the ray of Owen's electric torch; his voice and Torgney's came out of the darkness behind it, wishing me good luck. The Mongol kicked his pony in the ribs, and we rode out of the compound westward.

We took a short cut through the hills, but even so it was over 100 *li*, or about 35 miles, to the mission station. We did it in seven hours. It was a funny ride. Starlight is the most treacherous of lights, and the wild frozen country was all a kind of dark mirage. You could judge no distance, identify no object. We rode fast. Rocks and tufts of scrub were like creatures crouching in our path. As we went swiftly past some seemed to leap at us, some to glide swiftly away, some to wriggle into the hard earth and disappear. Nothing was certain, nothing real, except the horse between your legs and the chafing wooden saddle.

Once or twice, when we rode by an encampment, great dogs came tearing through the darkness and bayed us on our way for a mile or so. Otherwise everything was silent, except for the urgent drumming of the horses' hoofs. Sometimes the stars were hidden by clouds, but neither pony stumbled.

I had started dog-tired, after two hard days on only two hours' sleep. Before long the world became a fitful, rushing blur. It was impossible to keep my eyes open. The Mongol must have seen me swaying in the saddle; he took the head-rope of my pony, and after that it was better. For the rest of the ride I was never more than half awake. It was an effort, in my more conscious moments, to remember what I was doing and, more particularly, who the Mongol was. Sometimes I dreamed; but it was never total oblivion, and the Mongol came into all my dreams. Once he was my house-master at school, and once he was the councillor of the Soviet Embassy in Peiping. In both characters he spoke to me. It was very odd.

When I finally came to, it was dawn, and snow was falling again. We got off and walked to rest the horses; but my legs were out of control, and I stumbled about as if I were drunk. We were in open country now and on the main road; a broad ribbon of deep ruts, made by ox-carts in the summer, wriggled endlessly over the yellow grasslands. Coming out of that unreal night felt like coming out of another world, a world that one would never return to.

At last we sighted the buildings of the mission station, huddled and desolate. The kind Swedes, whom we had visited a week before, were at breakfast. When they had got over their surprise, they told me that they had come back from their visit the day before; that of course we could have their car; that they would go straight over and tow our own car here. That ride, like most of the things I do, had been to no purpose.

But I did not care. Half an hour later I was alone in a small warm room, hung with texts in an obscurely comic language. I had a copy of *King Solomon's Mines*, the only secular work on the premises. I lay down. It was a splendid moment. Now at last one could sleep, sleep, sleep. But not just yet; one more chapter, and it would be sweeter still. One more chapter, one more . . .

Rider Haggard had no chance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III. The Japanese Dream

By Alfred Silbert

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Foreign Affairs Weekly

AFTER FOUR YEARS, the Pacific is again on the verge of an upheaval. Renewed Sino-Japanese tension disturbs the world. With this difference, that, in 1931, Japan had a free field for action, whereas now the repercussions of her attitude may be wider.

But this aggravated situation at the edge of the Great Wall does not come as a surprise to the experts who are used to gauging the reactions of public opinion in the Far East. One ought to have no difficulty in linking up the trend of the Tokyo decisions with the development of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict. As a matter of fact, one of the most important reasons for Italy's move in the direction of Addis-Ababa was her fear that she would be outstripped in this by the Japanese, who for several years have been intriguing for the Negus's favor. It seems that, at the beginning of the Italian offensive, excitement in Japan was considerable. Then the agitators calmed down. The government, led by Baron Okada, intervened, reserving action for a more opportune moment.

Under the existing conditions, this silence seemed suspicious. It was then that England entered the lists, and the concentration in the Mediterranean of the home fleet, joined precipitately by the British naval forces stationed in the Far East, gave Japan the occasion awaited since the beginning of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict.

Moreover, in the presence of our European complications, the Japanese militarists, whose influence in the government circles of Tokyo is so great, could not afford to lose a single moment. On the 14th of October they assembled at Dairen, the great export city of Manchukuo. The general staff of the Kwantung army attended this meeting and also the principal business men interested in the development of Manchukuo, notably, Mr. Matsuoka, president of the South Manchurian Railroad, and the president of the League for the Suppression of Political Parties. The proposals exchanged among these men, who might almost be called the 'conspirators of Dairen,' were most important, inasmuch as the conditions which were to be submitted to the Nanking Government on behalf of the Kwantung army were based on the following three points: one, repression of communist action in China, which had been allowed to penetrate from Outer Mongolia; two, repression of the Kuomintang Party, and of the nationalistic Chinese association of 'Blue Shirts' in North China; three, the promise of the Chinese Government to carry on continuously a policy permeated with love for Japan.

And not only did the Japanese militarists admit to such a program in their conference at Dairen, but their policy actually expanded and gathered in energy: seemingly by chance, patrols strayed along the Manchukuo-Siberian frontier, and the sentries exchanged shots—a development

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which was followed immediately by an exchange of notes of rather grave tenor between Baron Hirota, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Yurenev, the Soviet Ambassador to Tokyo. A number of parallel incidents occurred in the demilitarized zone to the north of Peiping, reaching as far as Tientsin, and obliging Japanese authorities to intervene. Finally, in the different provinces of North China peasants revolted against their taxes and tried to establish an autonomous régime opposed to the Nanking Government.

In the presence of these definite threats, which grew in number every day with an almost automatic regularity, the government of Nanking could not fail to understand the danger. But what could be done? For two years Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and M. Wang Ching-wei had been trying to calm the Japanese impatience by a moderate and prudent policy, going so far as to broach to the Tokyo Government the possibilities of an alliance. Their activity embraced an attempt to include as many Chinese provinces as possible, so that for some time there was actually a possibility of reconciliation between the legal government in Nanking and the *de facto* government in Canton, headed by Mr. Hu Han-ming and General Chen Chi-tang. It seemed as if the coming congress of the Kuomintang might cement this national reconciliation.

But even if, in these critical circumstances, Mr. Kung, Minister of Finance, had succeeded in stabilizing the Chinese currency, Japan would still have refused to participate in the international loan to China, even if she did not actually oppose it.

To tell the truth, this situation was evident from the first in Japan's decision to precipitate action by creating a buffer state between Manchukuo and Jehol on the one hand and the Yangtze valley on the other. This state was to be formed by grouping the five provinces of Hopei, Chahar, Shansi, Suiyuan, and Shantung in an 'autonomous interprovincial anti-communist Alliance of North China.'

II

What does this mean? Simply that the Tokyo Government has hastened to this new stage of its plan for the progressive enslavement of China before the monetary reform effected by Nanking has had time to bear fruit in the northern provinces.

On the other hand, it is only just to recognize the cleverness of the Japanese in following the principle of the right to self-determination by refusing, at least for the moment, to annex northern China, and remaining content to propitiate, by the creation of this strange state, what is customarily called the will of the people. Make no mistake: after many conversations which he had with General Doihara, the 'Colonel Lawrence' of the Japanese army, it is obvious (and has been for some time) that General Sung Cheh-yuan (from whom the initiative for the movement for autonomy proceeded), is really in agreement with his colleagues in the Kwantung army.

Finally, it seems probable that the formation of the autonomous state in North China might serve as a prelude to its alliance with Manchukuo and Japan, with the purpose of carrying on a combined struggle against communism. But communism in China is merely a convenient pretext. From that, one can conclude that it is im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possible to foresee when those crusaders will consider their purpose fulfilled: in reality, is it not rather a question of an alibi, which will in the end allow the Japanese to repeat their action of to-day until they have completely realized their plan of conquest, already described in the famous memorandum of Baron Tanaka?

One should not forget that the formation of an autonomous state in North China will soon permit the Japanese to expand their influence through Inner Mongolia, that is, as far as Outer Mongolia, which is Soviet territory. In other words, one clash between the representatives of Manchukuo and the representatives of the Mongolian clans might be sufficient to throw that whole part of the globe out of balance. By putting into effect their plan for attacking communism, the Japanese are perhaps in reality planning to expand to the borders of Turkistan, that is, where the 'color of the race lightens.' We can forgive ourselves this familiar idiom, for, let us repeat, this is part of the Tanaka plan, and the Pan-Asiatic expansion it implies.

There is another power whom these successive instances of Japanese aggression threaten to injure. England accepted the conquest of Manchukuo. But the pressure applied on the north of China had attracted her attention and, inasmuch as the English coal groups had hastened to liquidate their interests in some of these provinces, the British Government attempted to oppose Japan by means of financial pressure.

Furthermore, upon consulting a map showing the new confederation of North China, one can see no natural frontier in the south. That is to say, the piecemeal acquisition of China could continue indefinitely. Could not Japan, profiting by the impotence of any possible reaction in this vast territory, proceed province by province to the north frontiers of Indo-China, Burma, and the Indies; this great expansion across the Asiatic continent having overwhelmed even Singapore, once the strongest naval base of the world?

Of course one should not confound conjecture with realities. But it is well to foresee such things, and this is perhaps the reason for the Anglo-Russian rapprochement, evident in the recent deliberations at Geneva.

Moreover, one must note that, at this very moment, when English and Russian interests seem jointly threatened in the Far East, there are persistent rumors of a loan by banks in London to the Moscow government. In case she should ever need military help in Asia, England knows how to take precautions in advance. And when the British Ambassador at Tokyo, Sir Robert Clive, sailed for Europe last November, it was probably not for reasons of health that, after a preliminary consultation with his colleague in China and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, he stopped off for a three week visit in Indo-China.

After all, can anyone doubt that events in the Far East threaten to influence the course of European affairs? We cannot ignore the efforts made by the German government to gain Japanese friendship: efforts which have recently borne fruit in the decision of the Manchukuan government to send its first foreign commercial attaché to Berlin.

And there are many other symptoms. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

The King of the Hellenes

By a Special Correspondent
From the *Times*, London Conservative Daily

WITH the departure of the King of the Hellenes to resume his reign in Greece after an exile of twelve years London society has lost a familiar figure. Since 1924 he had spent the better part of every year in this country, and from 1929 onward has been in constant residence except for brief journeys abroad and a long visit to India last winter. As a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria and grandson of Queen Alexandra's favorite brother, King George of Greece, as his Majesty was officially described during his exile, was often at Court, a guest at Balmoral, or in the Royal Box at Ascot.

During this period the exiled King, who is devoted to sport, made many friends in this country—he has been described as 'very gregarious'—and took pleasure in meeting people, in dining out, and in attending learned and other gatherings: he once spoke in a debate at the Oxford Union.

During the whole of his residence in this country the King was careful never to embarrass his hosts by political activity, and only on the occasion of the wedding of his first cousin to the Duke of Kent did he wear uniform in this country. That his Majesty should have appeared as a Greek general at the Duke of Gloucester's wedding last week was only appropriate, as by then he had begun to 'enjoy his own again' and was once more a reigning sovereign. On two occasions in late years the King was made the subject of a demonstration of loyalty by Greeks; once when he was entertained at a dinner by members of the Greek colony in London, when many who thought that they were Republicans markedly wavered in their allegiance to Venizelism; and at Port Said, on his return journey from India in April of last year, when the manifestations of affection of a very large gathering of Greeks from Egypt and from Greece caused dismay to the Republicans and was an early indication of the coming restoration.

The King was born in 1890 and was brought up both as a sailor and as a soldier. For a short time in 1909 he was attached to the 1st Regiment of his uncle's Prussian Guard in Berlin. When the First Balkan War broke out in 1912, Prince George was serving in the 1st Greek Infantry and acted as orderly officer to his father, then the Diadoch Con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stantine, Duke of Sparta, during the attacks on Yanina and at Salonika. When his grandfather, King George I, was assassinated in March, 1913, he became diadoch and, in 1917, held the ranks of major of infantry and of commander in the Greek navy. In that year the Allies deposed King Constantine and, as the French maintained that any prince who had served in the Prussian Guard was manifestly unfit to reign in Greece, he accompanied his father into his first exile. His brother Alexander was put on the throne by M. Venizelos.

After King Alexander's death (in October, 1920) of poison from a monkey's bite, the crown was offered by the Venizelists to Prince Paul, the King's younger brother, but he declined it. The nation, to the surprise of the Venizelists and the undisguised annoyance of the French, recalled King Constantine to the throne. During the exhausting war in Anatolia, which arose when Turkish Nationalism rejected the Treaty of Sèvres and started to eject the Greeks from Ionia, the Diadoch George again saw service as a colonel. He had just been promoted major-general by his father, when defeat at the hands of the Turks precipitated a military revolt. A Revolutionary Committee insisted on the abdication of King Constantine, and the Diadoch became king on September 28, 1922, under the shadow of disaster.

King George soon found that he was to be king in name only. He was treated with a studied neglect by the Revolutionary Committee, which carried its own policy into effect without in any way consulting him and perpetrated the cruel blunder of shooting its political opponents, thereby throwing Greece into an angry turmoil which took a decade to subside. It was said at the time that the King and his Prime Minister, M. Krokidas, a former civil servant, were the only people in Greece who were not allowed by the Revolutionary Committee to know what was happening. When the Committee got rid of M. Krokidas and put General Gonatas, one of its members, in as Prime Minister, the King had no choice in the matter, being still kept in ignorance of the progress of affairs by those who were nominally his Ministers. It was, moreover, those Ministers who maintained a censorship to protect themselves but allowed full rein to propaganda against the monarchy. The abortive revolt of General Metaxas in October, 1923, against the Revolutionary control of affairs was used as a weapon by the Republicans against the King, who knew nothing about it until after it had started. At last, after further demonstrations by Republican officers, General Gonatas, the Prime Minister, 'advised' his sovereign to leave Greece, and on December 19 the King started on his second journey into exile.

King George has had the advantage of living for some years past in a country where the normal working of a democratic constitution has been undisturbed; but it should be remembered that, no matter how constitu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional a sovereign may be, he alone cannot operate the constitution if his people do not help him. It is therefore not uninteresting to observe that the working of the constitutional machine in Greece has in the past been far from smooth.

During the half-century that King George I, the King's grandfather, was on the throne he appointed fifty-two Prime Ministers; King Constantine, in four stormy years, appointed eight. Between that luckless monarch's first and second depositions, rather more than five years, there were eight more. King George II had two Prime Ministers but can hardly be said to have had any say in their appointment. Between December, 1923, and now there have been twenty-five Greek administrations, as well as two dictatorships, one of which lasted for fourteen months under General Pangalos and the other for fourteen hours under General Plastiras.

A Chinese Revolutionary

From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Tokyo English-language Weekly

MR. WANG CHING-WEI still lives, though badly wounded, and there are even hopes of his recovery. Special correspondents who were present when the gunmen broke into the plenary session of the Kuomintang apparently became so confused that they saw the pistols pointed at General Chiang Kai-shek, though that gentleman was not present. In other quarters there seems to have been more certainty. The Japanese Consul-General knew very positively that there was no countryman of his among the assassins, and the Chinese Ambassador was equally certain that there were no Blue-shirts.

That Mr. Wang Ching-wei should be shot is deplorable, but it was said a long time ago that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword, and, as the most famous episode in Wang's life was his attempt to blow up the Regent, father of the then Emperor of China,—that monarch who after many vicissitudes is again an Emperor, but this time of Manchukuo—it is not going too far to find in the Nanking shooting an example of violence inviting violence.

As a very young man (he is still only fifty), Wang was a fervent revolutionary. He was a brilliant scholar, but decided that the sort of scholarship approved of by the Chinese imperial government was antiquated, and therefore came to Japan to finish his education. In Tokyo he became a devotee of dangerous thought—not dangerous in Japan, which had made some advances towards democracy, but still considered dan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gerous in China. His allowance was cut off, so he supported himself by translation work. Mr. T'ang Leang-li, who has written his biography, says:—

> Faced with the sufferings of the people under the tyrannical misrule of a decaying monarchy, and imbued with the liberal and democratic ideas of the great political thinkers of the West, which he had studied in Japanese translations, he thus decided to consecrate his life to the cause of the Chinese Revolution, to the creation of a new social and political order on the ruins of the old.

Evidently dangerousness of thought is relative and depends on circumstances. The most important element of the United Revolutionary Party of China was the Chinese student body in Tokyo, which in 1907 numbered about ten thousand. Wang Ching-wei was the principal recruiting agent; and earned the reputation of being one of China's most eloquent orators. He was also the chief editor of the *Min Pao*, a revolutionary paper published in Tokyo.

But he did more than writing. With Miss Chen Pi-chun, whom he later married, he formed a terrorist group for the purpose of organizing assassination. After surveying the ground elsewhere, the revolutionaries decided that assassination to be really effective must take place in Peiping, and there Mr. Wang and Miss Chen diligently sought an opportunity for throwing a bomb at the Regent, the necessary weapon having been brought from Tokyo. The Regent, however, was too well guarded, so they decided that he must be scientifically disposed of with a bomb that would explode when the button was touched and an electric spark released. Confederates were fixing it under a bridge near the Regent's palace, when one of them trod on a dog, which started such a chorus of barking that the attention of the police was attracted. They found the bomb but not the conspirators.

A few days later, however, Wang was seeing some lady friends off at the station, and, raising his hat to them, disclosed to the watchful police the fact that he had a false queue. They followed him to his lodging and caught him, with much incriminating evidence.

Revolution, however, was in the air, and the Chinese judiciary feared the effects of making him a martyr, so he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. From April, 1910, to October, 1911, he was kept in prison, during the greater part of the time in chains; and then came the Revolution, which released him. He became Dr. Sun Yat-sen's right hand man, but the part he played thereafter in Chinese politics was less prominent than might have been expected, though his attempt to assassinate the Regent gave him a prestige that never seems to have faded. He went to France (in 1912) to finish his education, and did not come back for eight years, which is too long for a statesman to stay away if he wishes to retain his influence. Like many others, he found teamwork very difficult. The revo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lutionaries had a habit of making up their minds and sticking to their convictions, and this often rendered their work ineffective.

His activities were punctuated by other visits to Europe. At one time General Chiang Kai-shek was a great deal too Red for him; later, when Chiang started whitening the Kuomintang, Wang differed from him for other reasons. He was far more consistent than that arch-opportunist, but also far less adroit politically. Like his master, Sun Yat-sen, Wang Ching-wei found that quarreling with his friends forced him into alliances with his enemies, and his triumphal entry into Peiping in July 1930 was neither a happy event nor the beginning of a new era. Mr. T'ang Leang-li has many bitter things to say of General Chiang Kai-shek and his doings, and his biography of Mr. Wang Ching-wei ends thus:—

> When Chiang, in pursuance of the quasi-dynastic ideal, saw fit to cause the dismissal and arrest of Hu Han-min, his most important rival at Nanking, and to prostitute the Nanking Convention of May 25th, 1931, the only remaining Kuomintang faction hostile to Wang was persuaded to acknowledge their mistakes of the past, and to invite Wang back to Canton, to take part in the establishment of a new National Government and give to it the necessary moral and political prestige and influence. With Wang's arrival at Canton, on May 25th, 1931, the anti-Chiang movement and the Chinese National Revolution thus entered into a new phase of development.

Much happened after that. The 'incident' at Mukden convulsed China and brought enemies into coöperation again. Whatever their differences, the leaders again remembered that they were Chinese, and that their duty to their country compelled them to work together. So Wang Ching-wei became the most important figure in the Nanking Government, coöperating with the 'quasi-dynastic' Chiang. But as things simmered down, differences began to show. Canton was again inclined to be independent of Nanking and much more radical. The Nanking Government came around to the idea that it was necessary to make the best of things and acknowledge the fact that it was useless and unprofitable to battle against Japan, and that the only hope was to make the best terms that Japan was ready to give. But there was a good deal of difference between Wang's acceptance of the policy and the sudden pro-Japonism of Chiang.

What is the cause of the new outrage, who were its authors, whom they intended to kill, and what they expected to effect by the killing, we do not yet know. Doubtless it will all come out in time, or at least some rationalized account of it all will find acceptance. Wang himself has never expressed any change of view regarding political method since he tried to kill the Regent, though he has never been accused of assassination or conspiracy to assassinate. So, if his enemies seek the same method of removing him that he used for the removal of the Regent, he has only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been defeated at his own game. If the gunmen were really after somebody and only shot him by accident, then he has had bad luck.

But he was an able man with a clear mind, and was ambitious mainly for the regeneration of China. His earlier methods do not command approval, but he was a man of more than common calibre, such as China can ill afford to lose. He may recover and be active again, but the chances are against the regaining of his full powers and confidence.

Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin

By Mikhail Koltzoff

Translated from *Pravda*, Moscow Communist Daily

NOT a long time ago we took the two-headed eagle from the Kremlin Towers and substituted stars—an act which caused considerable distress abroad. One of the inhabitants of this new star-bearing Kremlin is the Soviet President, Kalinin, who is sixty years old to-day.

Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin was born in a village called Verkhnyaya Troitza (The Upper Trinity) in the Kalininski district. Somebody objects that at that time the said district was not called the Kalininski district. Well, that may be; not everything comes at once. Let the old name of the Kalininski district be kept in its original form in some dusty historical volume. The present name seems better to us.

The president of the Soviet Union spent his childhood in his parents' mansion. The 'mansion' was about sixteen feet square and cost exactly thirty-six rubles. When he was six years old, Misha Kalinin had to take care of his brothers and sisters. Even at that early age, he knew worry.

'When I took care of my first little sister, I used to mislay her very often: sometimes I'd carry her to the potato field, put her somewhere among the furrows, and she would quietly fall asleep, all covered up by the leaves. Then after a while, I would start looking—and would n't find her. . . . I'd get so desperate, I'd start to pray to the Lord to find my little sister. And then, on the other hand, I could n't help thinking that it would be nice if she were lost for good, and I would n't have to nurse her any more—only, it should n't be my fault, so that I should n't be punished.'

An old soldier used to teach our president his abc's. Then his education was continued at a school twelve miles from the village.

'For Christmas my teacher gave me an old ballad to learn, and the priest, a psalm; both of which I learned so thoroughly that I still remember them. In two years I succeeded in reading all the books in the school library, and particularly the *Lives of the Saints*.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Later Kalinin was taken into the service of a rich land-owning family as a houseboy and footman. They did not treat him badly, although he was a clumsy and absent-minded waiter, often dropping dishes and vases. Once he dropped and broke as many as twenty plates at one time. He read many books and papers, paying special attention to *Novoye Vremye*.

Kalinin's master took the boy to St. Petersburg with the rest of the servants.

'On the first day of our arrival at the capital, I used to take off my hat to every passer-by as I was riding in the carriage, just as we were taught in school. The older footman, who rode with me, told me that it was not necessary to take off my hat to everybody, because there were too many people.'

It is hard to reproach the society in which little Misha Kalinin found himself for not paying any attention to him. On the contrary, everything was as it should be: they made him learn his prayers, introduced him to the newspaper, *Novoye Vremye*, and taught him to take his hat off before everyone he met. Even his master turned out to be a nice man: did not mistreat him, but helped him get on his feet, and lead a comfortable life. As we see, the Imperial Eagle of the old régime spread a protective wing over the peasant Kalinin.

But the results were unexpected. That man's life took a path away from the protective wing of the ugly two-headed bird, away from the tepid warmth of bourgeois existence. The path led through misfortunes, persecutions, losses, prisons, exile, to the revolution, to the struggle for a new and different régime, and at last to the proletarian dictatorship and stars over Kremlin. Why did Kalinin's life take this and no other path? This question he has answered for me many times, answered with his characteristic warm and somewhat poetical way of speaking, which perhaps would have seemed somewhat artificial in anyone else, but is a part of Kalinin:

'I must tell you, Comrades, that life is n't only measured by its length. I do not doubt that a short life, given for the people, is ten times happier than the self-centered life of some hundred-year-old man. Can we believe that the old communists, who used to stay in prison for so many years, did that for selfish greedy motives? They did what they did because in their struggle they found more happiness than many others could in their everyday sheltered life.'

The party had brought up from the ranks of the workers thousands of splendid professional revolutionaries: Kalinin was one of the best. In the avid greed they show for theory, literature, and other branches of intellectual attainments, his first steps in the party work are characteristic. Now, when the best works of materialistic philosophy, biology, and his-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory can be easily obtained in any library of any factory—how edifying is the picture of young Kalinin, twenty-two years old, smuggling into his prison material for reading and thinking.

'During these ten months I read one hundred and sixty books. I also carried on a tremendous amount of correspondence: I used to write letters sixteen pages long, so that the warden used to tell me that reading my letters tired him out. I suggested that he refrain from reading them altogether.'

This great love for books, both scientific and literary, Kalinin kept through all his life. His vital practical mind, so evident in everyday work, is combined with wide and many-sided culture. That makes him equally good company for an average collective farm-worker and for the refined European diplomat.

Another trait of the Soviet President is the simplicity and sincerity of his approach to the masses. It is a hard problem for a statesman, for a man politically active, to be always sincere. In Kalinin's life, there have been many times when his sincerity was a proof of his courage, for it meant danger. You must remember that Kalinin became the head of the government during the civil war, at the time of the most bitter class struggle. How many times, finding himself facing a mob full of deserters, sabotageurs, and provocateurs, has he, unarmed, boldly attacked his counter-revolutionary opponents, begun an argument with the people, and continued it, constantly shouted down, until they swung over to his side!

When Lenin recommended Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin to the post of President of the Union Central Executive Committee, he described him essentially as a man able to carry the party ideology over to the peasant. And to Kalinin that suggestion of Lenin was the main inspiration of his many years' work. Common sense, calmness, and intuition never left him. Now we see this peasant-proletarian, the veteran bolshevist grown gray in his life's struggle, passing over the threshold of sixty years of his wonderful life in the responsible position of President of the Soviet Union.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are two articles on Russia's new system of rationalization, the first by the man who invented it, the other by a Russian opponent living abroad.

WHAT *is* Stakhanoffism?

VIEWS *pro* AND *contra*

I. How We Did It

By ALEXEI STAKHANOFF

Translated from the *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

IN THIS article, I should like to tell the reader about my experiences and my achievements in the coal mine, especially as this has aroused great interest, so that many people come to Donbass, or write us letters.

This is how it happened: together with the party organizer, Comrade Petroff, and my division chief, Mashuroff, we often wondered how we could organize work in the coal mines in some more effective manner. We were not satisfied with existing conditions.

In a room 85 meters long, with a coal content of 1.4 meters, divided into 8 sections, eight or nine miners worked with hammers. Each one was supposed to excavate his section and place supports. They mined for two and one-half or three hours, and the rest of their time was devoted to erecting props. Thus the work was organized in two shifts. The third shift was devoted to repairs. During this time, they moved the main lines of the air pipes, brought in wood for props, and so forth. In the final analysis, actual mining was going on only five or six hours out of every twenty-four, although the compressors brought air into the mine continuously for two full shifts.

And so we began to wonder whether

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it would not be possible to keep the picks working a full shift. We thought about it and decided to assign one miner to an entire shelf. The directors of the mine chose me for this task. I gladly accepted their proposal and on the night of August 31 went down into the pit. There came with me two proppers; the division chief, Comrade Mashuroff; the party organizer, Comrade Petroff; and the editor of our paper, Comrade Mikhailoff.

Down below we were not idle a single minute. I began working at the first section. First I attacked the coal, digging into it from the bottom upward. I removed the upper part of the deposit and also the lower part, leaving the middle intact. I went through the same process in all the eight sections, cutting into the upper part of the face in each case. After I had removed the upper layer of coal and begun working on the lower layer, two men immediately started to put up props. They built two supports, one after another. Five hours and forty-five minutes passed so quickly that I did not even notice them. During this time, I covered the entire room and broke down 102 tons of coal.

When I came up to the surface, it was already dawning. A group of comrades met me at the cage. They were all delighted at my success and shook my hand heartily. And it is no exaggeration to say that many a miner did not sleep that night but was with me in his thoughts. I knew this, and immediately told the comrades that this was merely the first step along the new road. The wholehearted support of the collective unquestionably helped me and my successors to make new conquests. Soon thereafter our party organizer, Comrade Dukanoff, mined 115 tons of coal in one shift, and the young Comsomol member, Comrade Contzedaloff, mined 125 tons. A few days later, I beat my own as well as their records, and mined 175 and 227 tons of coal per shift.

II

My record would have remained merely a record, had we not used it to make certain practical deductions for subsequent work. My achievement immediately destroyed all former ideas and calculations about normal production. We decided to cut the number of sections in half and to increase their length. To-day, we have only four sections, measuring 22 meters each, in our mine. Three miners and three proppers with supports work during the first shift. Two miners and two proppers go down for the second shift. All in all, ten workers, whereas formerly we had as many as seventeen or eighteen miners alone, with five substitutes—altogether twenty-two or twenty-three people.

In the mine, we established a system whereby we worked on alternate sections of the seam as we pushed deeper in. Thus in the first shift we would advance one length in the first section, two lengths in the second, again one length in the third, and two lengths in the fourth. Then the second shift would add two more lengths to those sections which had been worked only for one length by the first shift.

The results of this new labor organization were immediately evident in the work of the whole division. The production of coal grew from 13–14 tons to 60–65 tons per shift. If this figure of production is divided to in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clude the work of proppers, still you have 30–32 tons by each man in the pit. All in all, coal production for the whole division has risen to 300 tons a day, occasionally going as high as 327 tons, while before the most the division could mine was 250 tons for twenty-four hours. The working staff was reduced from 117 to 98 men. The wages rose considerably. For example, I myself earned 1,000 rubles for 18 working days, Comrade Dukanoff 1,338 rubles, and Comrade Contzedaloff 1,618 rubles.

Reorganization of the mine according to my method resulted in the reorganization of the other coal mining enterprises. Now both for transportation and preliminary work we use what people call the Stakhanoff system.

Our whole mine is employing this method. By the middle of October we already had as many as 478 workers producing as much as two, three, and four times the established norm, and more.

Since the time I proposed the new method of work and set a record for coal production, there has begun a wide movement of the Donbass workers, extending to other branches of industry. They are giving amazing examples of potential labor productivity. I don't know why this movement is called the Stakhanoff movement. In my opinion the proper name for it is the Stalin movement. The beloved leader of our party, Comrade Stalin, and the Bolshevist party inspired our victories.

I should like to say again from the bottom of my heart: to him, to our great Stalin, we owe our happy life, the many joys and fame of our dear native land. For him, and for the Bolshevist party, we would gladly part with our lives.

II. What the Stakhanoffites Want

By N. Desnin

Translated from the *Poslednie Novosti*, Paris Russian-Emigré Social-Democratic Daily

THE Moscow press is right in not calling them 'enthusiasts.' The miner Stakhanoff has proved that with his newly acquired skill in using his drilling machine he can earn from 1,200 to 1,500 rubles a month—that means six to seven times as much as the present average earnings of the Don miners. Now that the food cards have been abolished and the prices of 'unrestricted domestic trade' fixed, you can live in Russia for 1,200 to 1,500 rubles a month as comfortably as in Paris on an income of 1,000 to 1,200 francs.

Inspired by Stakhanoff's example, Vinogradova, a weaver from the Vichugski factory, expressed her desire to tend 100 looms. The average weaver tends 16 looms and gets from 90 to 110 rubles a month. Vinogradova's experiment showed that by tending 100 looms a weaver can get 600 to 700 rubles a month—that is, approximately as much as a Paris milliner earning 550 to 600 francs.

These figures help to explain the way Stakhanoffism works. The average Soviet worker, with his present 'normal' earnings, is condemned to semi-starvation. In order to provide

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself with even a very modest living, he must increase his income several times. Stakhanoff and Vinogradova may have proved that such a thing is possible under exceptionally good labor conditions, but they have not proved that the whole problem can be solved so simply.

Arithmetically you get the following results: average living-wages can be earned by tending 16 looms; Vinogradova took 100 looms; therefore, she was able to earn six times as much. But, in actual fact, much more complicated arithmetic is required. A weaver does not earn in direct proportion to the number of looms which she uses in her work but rather in proportion to the quantity of perfect cloth she turns out. Besides, she is paid for the cloth she weaves according to the 'industrial economic plan.' The more looms a weaver tends, the greater the risk she runs of wasting her efforts.

The mills are obliged to cover the cost of operation of every loom. According to the rules now adopted by the Soviet factories, cost of operation is expressed in so-called 'minute-costs.' Into a 'minute-cost' of every loom there enters the cost of the power used by the loom in one minute, plus the cost of fuel, illumination, amortization, and repairs. If, for example, the general expenses of a weaving concern, not counting wages and the cost of raw material, can be set at 100 rubles a minute and there are 1,000 looms in the factory, then the 'minute-cost' of a loom is 10 kopeks. And the wage system is so designed that the 'minute-costs' are absorbed by the weavers' labor.

Let us say a weaver is tending 16 looms. If something goes wrong and the looms run a minute without producing anything, the equivalent of 16 'minute-costs' is deducted from her wages. Now, if she is tending 100 looms (in which case it will be much harder for her not to miss up on something), for every minute wasted she will lose 100 'minute-costs.'

II

From this situation there arise incongruities which even the Moscow publicists find disturbing. In general, Stakhanoffites get less than they earn. Sometimes we find individual cases like that of the factory worker Makarychev: 'He broke the production record, but, instead of getting higher wages than the average worker, to his amazement he actually earned less.' (*Komsomolskaia Pravda*, Organ of the Young Communist League, October 17.)

This newly adopted system of reducing the workers' wages is a great obstacle to the efficiency of labor. The greater a worker's efforts, the greater the danger he runs of injuring the material and thereby suffering losses through no fault of his own. Consider the significance of tending 100 looms. Not only must you be constantly on the alert; the minute there is the slightest sign of something wrong, even though it may be in a single loom only, the mechanic must be called immediately, and it is essential that he report without delay. But, in actuality, the mechanic arrives a half-hour later. An hour passes before everything is repaired. One loom at a standstill for an hour means a loss of 60 'minute-costs.' The mill will deduct this loss of time from the weaver's wages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In this way we begin to see how 'bourgeois' and 'Soviet' production differ in principle. In the capitalist economy, it is the boss who pays out of his own pocket for the carelessness of the worker. For that reason, he watches closely to see that the mechanics get to work on time. The Soviet 'boss' exacts the penalties for all inefficiency of organization from the workers. Thus it is only in theory that Vinogradova, with her 100 looms, earns six times more than when tending 16 looms. In reality the 'minute-costs' consume the greater part of her increased earnings.

The results of the Moscow conference of Stakhanoffites on this question are very characteristic. Both Molotov and Andreev admitted that the objections raised by the weavers of the Vichugski mill were quite sound. The director of the factory was ordered to increase the repair force. The mechanics and the fitters were warned to look sharp. The weavers began to step up production, using 64, 80, 100 looms. There was even one woman who was willing to try 140 looms. But immediately breakages began to occur in the power plant. In two days there were six wrecks, and the whole factory was at a standstill.

It is not hard to understand what had happened: the repair department was badly organized, there were too few mechanics and even fewer tools. Thus two repairmen had to get along with one pair of pliers. When a screw had to be changed, the whole factory joined in the search for it. Under the old 'inefficient' system, the machines could still be looked after while the looms were being repaired. But when all the repair facilities were concentrated around the looms, the machines were left without attendants, and wreckages were bound to occur, with the result that all the workers in the mill were left with nothing for their trouble. The losses of the enterprise were to be covered by a corresponding reduction of wages.

For this reason it is easy to understand the reasons for the complex and dual attitude of the workers toward the Stakhanoffites. On the one hand, you cannot help sympathizing: after all, one has somehow to get away from the 'normal wages,' for they mean starvation; on the other hand, there is the risk of losing what you already have. It is not only Vinogradova who has lost; all the other workers of the Vichugski factory are paying for her experiment.

'Armaments are a check on war—a much greater check than the League of Nations,' said Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon. 'It is, of course, an utter fallacy that an armament firm wants war. It does not make more money during a war than a dozen or more general trading concerns.'—*Daily Telegraph*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of the two short stories which follow, the first comes from Italy's famous novelist and playwright, Pirandello, while the second is by a Russian who is very popular in his own country as a satirist of both past and present.

Contrasts in Literature

Italian *versus* Russian Humor

I. The Miracle of the Two Bears

By Luigi Pirandello

Translated from the *Corriere della Sera*, Milan Fascist Daily

YOU may think it odd of me to have a bear enter a church. But you must allow me to, because it was n't really my idea. No matter how crazy and unprincipled I may admit myself to be, I *do* know the respect one must have for a church, and such an idea would never have crossed my mind. But it *did* come to two young priests of the convent of Tovel, one a native of Tuenno and the other of Flavòn. They had gone up to the mountains to say goodbye to their parents before leaving as missionaries to China.

A bear—you understand—would not go into a church just like that—so! I mean, just as if it were a natural thing. He would go in as the result of a real and true miracle, such as these two young priests imagined. Of course, to believe it, one should have neither more nor less than their own easy faith. But I must admit that nothing is more difficult to have than just such easy things. Therefore, if you don't have it, you are welcome not to believe this story; and you can even laugh, if you want to, about this bear who goes to church because God has entrusted him with the task of testing the courage of the two new missionaries before their departure for China.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And so here is the bear before the church, pushing with his paw the heavy leather curtain that hangs across the door. And now, a little at a loss, he finds his way into the shadow between the double row of benches of the central nave; he bends low to look around; and then he gracefully asks the first little old woman he sees:—

'Excuse me, but where is the sacristy?'

He's a bear whom God has entrusted with a mission, and he does n't want to make a mistake. But the little old woman, on the other hand, does n't want to interrupt her prayer. And, rather annoyed, more with a gesture of the hand than with a word, she points it out without raising her head or her eyes. Thus she does not know that she has answered a bear. Otherwise heaven knows how she'd shriek.

The bear is not ruffled. He goes right there and asks the sacristan,

'Excuse me, but where is God?'

The sacristan is amazed.

'What? God?'

And the bear, astonished, raises his arms.

'Does n't He live here?'

The other can hardly believe his eyes yet, so he exclaims, almost questioningly:—

'But you are a bear!'

'Yes, a bear as you see me; I'm not giving myself out as anything else.'

'Just so. You, a bear, want to speak with God?'

Then the bear cannot prevent himself from looking pityingly at him.

'You should rather be surprised that I am speaking with *you*. You should know that God speaks better with animals than with men. But now tell me whether you know a couple of young priests who are going to-morrow as missionaries to China.'

'Yes, I know them. One is from Tuenno and the other from Flavòn.'

'That's it. Do you know that they have gone to the mountains to take leave of their parents and that they must come back to the convent before evening?'

'I know it.'

'And who do you think would have told me all these things except God? And now you must know that God wants to test them and that he has entrusted me with this task—me and a young bear, a friend of mine (I could say that he is my son, but, after they have reached a certain age, we animals do not recognize as our children those who are born of us). I would n't like to make a mistake. I should like to have a more precise description of the two priests, so as not to frighten other innocent priests undeservedly.'

The scene is here represented with a certain malice which I am certain the two priests did not intend when they imagined it. But that God speaks better with animals than with men cannot, it seems to me, be doubted, if one considers that in their relations with men animals are always sure of what they are doing, surer than if they did know; not because it is well, not because it is ill (for these are men's sad distinctions), but because they obediently follow their own nature. That is the means God uses to speak with them. On the other hand, men, petulant and presumptuous, because they want to understand too much by thinking with their own heads, don't in the end understand anything at all. They are never certain of anything; and not only are they cut off from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these direct and precise relations between God and animals; they do not even, I should say, suspect them.

II

Well, anyway, toward sunset, as the two young priests were coming back to the convent, just as they were about to leave the mountain path to get on the road that leads to the valley, they saw this road blocked by a bear and his cub.

It was late spring; it was no longer the season when bears and wolves come down starving from the mountains. Happy till now, the two young priests had walked through the high fields, promising a plentiful harvest, delighted by the freshness of all that new greenness, which, gilt by the setting sun, overflowed delectably into the open valley.

Frightened, they stopped. They were unarmed, as priests should be. Only the one from Tuenno had a big stick which he had picked up along the road coming down from the mountain. It was useless to confront the two beasts with it.

Instinctively, first thing, they turned back to look for help or a way of escape. But a bit up the path all they had left behind them was a little girl with a whip who was watching three little pigs.

They saw that she, too, had turned to look down the valley. But, without the slightest sign of fear, she was singing up there, slowly waving that whip of hers. It was clear that she did n't see the two bears, the two bears who, after all, were there in full sight. Why did n't she see them?

Amazed by the indifference of that little girl, they wondered for a moment whether the two bears were an hallucination of theirs, or she already knew them as local, tame, and harmless; for it was quite impossible that she should not see them: the bigger one standing there on its hind legs guarding the road, and the other, smaller, ambling forward slowly on its short legs, that now, look, had begun to walk around the priest from Flavòn, and, going around little by little, was sniffing at him from all sides.

The poor young man had raised his arms as if to indicate surrender or to save his hands, and, not knowing what else to do, just watched the cub walk around him with his heart in his mouth. Then, at a given moment, casting a fleeting glance towards his comrade and seeing himself in him as he would in a mirror, pale and frightened, all of a sudden, who knows why, he blushed and smiled at him.

That was the miracle.

His friend too, without knowing why, smiled back at him. And at the sight of that exchange of smiles, as if they, too, in their turn, had exchanged a signal, the two bears went off immediately towards the bottom of the valley.

They had made their test and their task was accomplished.

III

But the two priests had n't yet understood a thing. So that, seeing the two bears go away so peacefully, they lingered uncertainly there for quite a while, following with their eyes that sudden and unexpected retreat. And as, because of the natural awkwardness of the two animals, it could not but seem ridiculous to them, they turned again to one another and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found no other outlet than to unload their fears in a long loud laugh—a thing which they certainly would n't have done if they had understood at once that those two bears had been sent by God to test their courage, and that, therefore, to laugh at them so heartily was the same as laughing at God. If ever a suspicion of this kind should have passed through their minds, rather than attribute their recent fright to God, they would have blamed it on the devil, who might have wanted to play a trick on them by sending those two bears.

But when they saw the two bears turn around at their laugh, fiercely irritated, they understood that it had really been God, and not the devil, after all. Surely at that moment the two bears were expecting that God, outraged by such stupidity, would command them to go back to punish the rash young men by eating them.

I confess that I, if I had been a god, a small god, would have fixed things that way.

But the great God had already understood and forgiven everything. That first smile of the two priests—no matter how involuntary, but certainly born of the shame of being so frightened (they who were going to be missionaries to China and therefore had taken upon themselves to have no fear),— had been enough for God, just because it *had* arisen like that, unconsciously, in their fright; and thus he had ordered the two bears to retire. As for the second loud and unseemly laugh, it was natural that the two young men should think that they were addressing it to the devil who had wanted to frighten them, and not to Him who had meant to test their bravery. And this because no one can know better than God, through constant experience, that so many things, that to men seem bad, He does for his secret ends, and men instead stupidly think that it's the devil.

II. The Golosh

By Mikhail Zoshchenko

Translated by I. M. and S. S. N. for the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

Of course, it does n't take much to lose a golosh in a tram. Especially if one gets shoved into from the side and some hefty great baboon steps right on the heel from behind—there you are, no golosh.

To lose a golosh—like falling off a log.

My golosh was dragged off me in two ticks of a hen's thumb. One might almost say, before you could say 'knife.'

When I got on the tram, both goloshes were present and correct: I remember that as though it were a moment ago. I even touched them with my hand as I climbed in—there they were.

But when I got out of the tram—I look: one golosh still present, the pet—the other absent. The book—yes, there it is. And the sock. And the pants all reporting present. But the golosh is gone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally, you can't very well run after the tram.

I took off the remaining golosh, wrapped it up in a newspaper, and went my way. 'After work,' I think, 'I shall start looking for it. Goods and chattels can't be just let go like this. Somewhere, somehow I shall unearth it.'

II

After work I set out on my search. As first step—I consulted with a tram-driver of my acquaintance.

He gave me hope at once.

'Offer,' he said, 'thanksgiving that you lost it on a tram. In any other public place—I could vouch for nothing, but a loss on a tram is a holy matter. We have such an office for lost things. Come there and get yours. A holy matter!'

'Well,' I say, 'thanks very much. A mountain, indeed, has been taken off my shoulders. Particularly as the golosh was almost brand-new. At most in its third season.'

The next day I proceeded to the office in question.

'Would it be possible,' I say, 'chaps, to get back a golosh? Got dragged off in the tram.'

'It would be possible,' they say. 'What sort of a golosh?'

'The golosh,' I say, 'is of the ordinary sort. Size twelve.'

'We have,' they say, 'of this very size twelve perhaps twelve thousand. Enumerate its personal characteristics.'

'Personal characteristics,' I say, 'are of the ordinary sort: the heel, of course, is frayed, and the lining inside —well, it is n't there, it's been worn off.'

'We have,' they say, 'of exactly such goloshes perhaps more than a thousand. Has it no special marks?'

'It has,' I say, 'special marks. The toe is, one might almost put it, torn right off, hardly holds on. And the back of the sole,' I say, 'is almost gone altogether. Worn through—the sole. But the sides,' I say, 'the sides are not so bad, still bearing up.'

'Wait here,' they say, 'awhile. We'll look.'

And suddenly they bring out my golosh.

Gracious, how my heart jumped. What an emotion! 'How marvelously,' I think, 'works the organization of the State. And what idealistic people—how much trouble they have taken on themselves, all for the sake of my golosh!'

'Thank you,' I say, 'friends, till the last of my days. Pass it to me quickly. I'll put it on at once.'

'No,' they say, 'nothing doing. We cannot issue it to you. We,' they say, 'have no means of knowing—perhaps it was n't you at all who lost this golosh.'

'But it was I,' I say, 'who lost it.'

'Very,' they say, 'possible, but we cannot effect issue. Bring a certificate to the effect that it is indeed you who lost this golosh. Let the house committee certify this fact, and then, without more ado or superfluous red tape, we shall issue the golosh.'

'Chaps,' I say, 'revered comrades, but the house committee is totally ignorant respecting said fact. Perhaps they won't issue such a document.'

'They'll issue,' they said, 'it's their job to issue.'

So I took one more look at my golosh and exited.

The next day I went to the chairman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Issue the document,' I say, 'the golosh is perishing.'

'But is it true,' he says, 'that you lost it? It's not a try-on?'

'By God,' I say, 'I lost it.'

'Fill in,' he says, 'a declaration.' I filled in a declaration. Next day I received the formal certificate.

I took this certificate to the office. And without worry, without ado, without red tape, they issue me back my golosh.

Only when the golosh was once more upon my foot, was I at last overcome.

'See,' I think, 'how marvelously works the organization of the State. Would they, in some backward country, have taken so much time and trouble over my golosh? No, they would just have thrown it out of the tram—and that would have been that. While here—barely a week have I applied, and they issue it me back. What organization!'

One fly in the ointment: during the week's excitement I lost the first golosh, my pet. I carried her throughout under my arm wrapped up in a parcel—and for the life of me I can't remember where I left her. But the main thing, it was n't in a tram. That's the hell and perishing worst of it, that it was n't in a tram. Where to start looking for her?

But, anyway, I still have the other golosh. I put it on the mantelpiece. And whenever life feels tiresome—you steal a glance at the golosh and somehow all seems to be light and carefree again.

'Eh,' I think, 'what organization!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author of *Revolt of the Masses* explains his view of human history.

The Dawn of Historical Reason

By José Ortega y Gasset

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* German Government-controlled Daily

THAT STRANGE REALITY, human life, is neither a physical nor a psychical thing. Indeed, it is not a thing at all, either in species, conduct, or condition. It is a pure dramatic process, it is what happens to me and what happens to you, whereby I and you are nothing except what happens to us. The most notable peculiarity of this constantly changing reality resides in its essential element of form or structure. Physical and psychical reality swim into our ken not as structures but as the very opposite. They are the dust of reality trying to take form. Our intelligence comes to the aid of their incomplete condition and lends to physical and psychical phenomena the structure that they lack. That is why physics and psychology are forms of construction.

Nothing that happens to us in our life happens to us in an isolated condition or independently of surrounding circumstances. One thing happens to us because something else happens and in the last analysis because we want to live. If it were not for our will to live, if we really did not want to live, nothing would happen to us, and we should never gnash our teeth in rage.

The structure of life, of each separate life, is individual, but there is an outer structure of life that permits us to frame such general statements as the following: as long as man lives, he always believes in something or other that has to do with his surroundings and with himself. In other words, man always lives on certain convictions. Hence, the most profound transformation that human life can undergo is the transformation of one's fundamental philosophy.

Until the middle of the fifteenth century, people in Europe clung to the belief that there was an infinite being of supreme power and goodness, who had nobly revealed everything that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was needed to lead one's life, including the meaning of life itself. But, toward the end of the fifteenth century, doubts began to undermine this belief. Doubt is a form of belief. It is the condition of unrest. During the two centuries of the Renaissance people lived in this restless condition. The old belief was dead, and, since people did not possess any new one, they formed ideas and rid themselves of their belief by an act of will. People want to believe unreservedly to the extent that they do not believe. Crises are epochs of voluntary 'decisions,' and for that reason the motto that best typified the Renaissance was *vivere risolutamente*. But it is clear that true faith is the very opposite of will power. Faith is what we believe even when we do not want to believe and even when it contradicts what we want. Man, when he believes, feels that he has got out of himself and finds himself in the presence of reality.

Soon after 1600 people threw off the doubts of the Renaissance and gave themselves over to a new belief, to the 'modern' belief on which European life rested until a very few years ago. Modern man replaced his belief in God with belief in reason, and reason is merely a belief like any other. Up to that time God revealed what man had to do to fulfill his destiny. Later, however, people believed that the human intellect was a marvelous tool and that, if it were rightly used, it would reveal the essence of things. The increasing field that the concept of reason later embraced should not make us forget that the essence of reason is not this or that practical aspect of the intellect but its ability to take us out of ourselves. That our ideas cease at some point to be merely our ideas and reveal themselves in the essence of things—that is reason.

The splendid fruit that this new belief yielded took the form of physical and chemical science. The results have transformed the material life of man. Never has any belief lived up to its promises more fully. For better or worse, it must be admitted that the discoveries of Galileo and Descartes yielded results that not only surpassed the hopes of man but that even exceeded their wildest fancies. It is therefore not surprising that thirty years ago Europe regarded reason as the supreme court, the highest rule, and even as a god superior to the world.

II

Yet we must admit that the situation has changed. How? To what extent? In what direction? The answer is not easy to come by, and I must measure my words. If I followed my own instinct and were not afraid of being accused of chicanery, I should describe the situation somewhat as follows: the marvelous and in many respects evermore-victorious power of reason means that people cannot cease believing in it, yet the faith on which the European lives has come to an end.

How are these two circumstances to be explained? Quite simply. Reason promised to solve all man's problems. Read the *Discours de la Méthode*, which laid down the program of the new faith. Yet it came to pass that after reason had solved every physical problem, it failed when it attempted to come to grips with purely human problems. This led to a state of affairs in which reason and all its reputation no longer meant reason as a whole but only physical or naturalistic reason.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This involved laying down a limitation whereby reason quite necessarily passed judgment against itself at the very start, natural as its error may have been. In so far as it let itself be influenced by the Greek tradition, it gave itself over to searching for the essence of things, whenever essence had to do with a static condition. The original concept of this essence was mathematical, something unalterable and always the same. When it appeared that material things were changing and were in a state of motion, attention was concentrated on what remained unaltered during the process of change and what was not affected by motion. This is what reason called the 'nature' of things. The physical, chemical, and biological sciences sought to discover essence and nature in phenomena. Reason wanted to do the same thing with human beings, but therein it failed.

Now, having lost our complete faith in reason, we have become free to establish the 'essence' of human beings without being undermined by our belief in naturalism. And we presently perceived that physical reason must fail when it is applied to human problems, for man has no 'nature' in that sense. He has no firm, static, preordained and given essence. He changes not only as bodies do, that is with pseudo-variations within fixed limits, but he never ceases changing. From the ground up, he consists of something that is creative, that can be one thing or another, and that has no limitations. To speak of the nature of man we must discover some concept corresponding to non-Euclidean space. Man is prehistoric but he is also the Marquise of Pompadour, he is Genghis Khan and Stefan George, Pericles and Charlie Chaplin. Man passes through these conflicting forms of existence and sets no limits upon himself.

Each of these forms of existence means a basic experience that man creates, and, once he has created it, he has revealed his limitations. These limitations open his eyes to other untried forms of existence. In other words, he becomes one thing because he was something quite different before. The man who is not yet complete forms himself in the logical sequence of his experiences. Therefore, the one thing that we can possibly know about anybody is what he has been in the past. Nothing that has happened can be undone. The past also divines the boundaries of the future. Hence a sound knowledge of the past is identical with exact knowledge of the future in so far as it is possible to know the future.

To sum up, man does not possess any 'nature' but only history. The moment has come when reason, which used to be purely physical, will free itself from this limitation, and man will believe in historical reason. For what used to be reason is not historical, and what used to be history does not accord with reason. Or do you really believe that, if the past ten thousand years are squeezed dry, they will not yield a few drops of this new and redeeming reason, historical reason?

Man needs a new revelation, and this revelation can come to him only through historical reason. That is the form in which it announces itself, all conflicting appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A German world traveler describes what has happened to the Lapps, those child-like inhabitants of northern Scandinavia, since civilization came their way.

THE LAST NOMADS *of* EUROPE

By HUGO ADOLF BERNATZIK

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-language Daily

AMONG the mountains, forests, lakes, and rivers of northern Scandinavia lies the land of the Lapps. Toward the west and the north, rocky mountains rise from the sea of ice that penetrates deep into the land in narrow fjords. Foaming torrents tumble down the mountainsides, forming countless waterfalls. They spring from the great fields of ice and snow that cover the mountain ranges and gleam far out across the land from their proud heights. Where the fjords end, narrow valleys lead inward, streams rushing through them. There are chains of lakes in the valleys, and almost unmarked trails wind along the sides of the mountains. These are the old cross-country trails of the Laplanders. Higher and higher they rise, up the fragrant mountain meadows, covered with delicate yet hardy mountain flowers. Occasionally there is an ancient gnarled birch tree, its bark hanging down like tattered rags in the wind. Here the reindeer find the tenderest grass, the most savory lichen; here the fresh bracing air brings them relief. Here the white grouse sends its laughter skyward, here the snow owl builds its nest. And over everything there shines the magic light of the midnight sun. It is the lovely summer land of the Lapps.

Mountain ranges that seem to blend into the distant sky in a blue haze enclose it. The valleys lead eastward, and eastward run the streams until all at once the mountains vanish. Airy birch groves line the brooks and lakes. They spread over the soft rolling hills, between large swamps. Here the Laplanders pass by in the spring.

Below the realm of hills and birches, deep in the valleys, the dark pine forests cover the whole land. In their shadows, along the shores of the lakes and rivers, lie small settlements of the northern peasants who till the meager soil, wresting from it what they need

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for their scanty livelihood. There lies the great hinterland of the Lapps, which protects them and their reindeer from the grim cold and the mountain storms during the long dark winter nights.

For thousands of years nothing has changed in the mountains of Lapland. On the whole, the life of the wandering Lapps has remained the same. Their entire world is utterly at peace, in splendid solitude. But now, at last, the new times have penetrated the old winter land, and not even the Laplanders have been able to escape their pervasive power. Steamers and motor-boats ply the lakes. Express trains connect the south with the farthest north, and automobiles rush along newly built roads almost to the feet of the mountains. Millions of logs float down the lakes and rivers toward the coast. The sounds of blasting echo across the still forests; enormous mines burrow into the earth and lure men down. Land is cleared, and villages, stores, and cities grow up on the old pastures of the reindeer. Yet the same paths lead from the mountain to the forest, from the forest up the mountain, as of old. Frolicking boys and girls of Lapland continue to run after reindeer, to fill the air with their joyous shouts as they fly down the mountainsides on their skis. 'And the happy song of the Lapps shall be heard as long as a single reindeer hoof stirs in our ancient fatherland.'

Thus sings this nomad people. But there is no doubt: civilization will engulf them as it has so many others. The Lapps have been pushed farther and farther north, and their land and their number have grown smaller and smaller. To-day there are barely 20,000 Lapps in Norway, Sweden, and Finland together, and many of them are already civilized and settled. To a still larger extent they have mingled with the Norwegians and Finns and thus have lost their own identity.

II

To-day the Swedish Government is trying to preserve the Laplanders and their reindeer. Perhaps it has begun too late. The task of civilizing the Laplanders was not difficult. For to this primitive people, as to many others, civilization meant only comfort. Whoever has witnessed their fierce struggle for existence, their fight against the forces of nature, the hard work of reindeer husbandry, knows that no legendary laziness of the Lapps is needed to explain the readiness with which they have given up the rough nomad life.

It seemed a fair exchange: instead of rounding up and taking care of the enormous herds in the dampness, cold, and storm of the inhospitable mountains, instead of eking out an existence in make-shift tents, pitched in a region almost timberless; instead of all this, to live in a well-constructed hut with a warming stove and to till a bit of soil. Even to-day the 'iron stove' is the highest ambition of every Lapp woman. Again and again I heard them, in their tents, speaking of this thing of wonder and making plans to get hold of it. Whoever knows the tremendous effort it takes to keep a fire of scanty, damp birchwood will understand this ambition.

There were other considerations that moved the Lapps to settle down. At any rate, many of them did settle and become solid, tax-paying citizens of village communities. The con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sequences were noticed only after several decades. Tuberculosis raged among the Lapps. Their constitution, adapted by thousands of years to a nomad life, was unsuited to the completely changed conditions of town life. They grew easy-going, took a growing interest in alcohol and moving pictures, and gradually forgot the reindeer. The animals began to escape and to run wild in the great forests. It was then that the Swedish Government realized that the advantage of winning a few new peasants did not compensate for the damage caused by the decline of reindeer husbandry. For this industry represented an important part of the national economy in a region where, because of climate and the nature of the soil, no other profitable enterprise was possible.

As a result, the policy toward the Laplanders was fundamentally changed. New pasturage rights were worked out, the Lapps were given special tax concessions, and everything was done to maintain the nomadic life which forms the basis for reindeer husbandry. Nomad schools were created, and an effort was made to adapt them as completely as possible to the life of the Lapps, teaching the children all they need to know about keeping reindeer in addition to reading and writing. To-day the number of reindeer in Sweden alone is estimated at 250,000. The Government purchases a considerable number each year or takes them in place of taxes. Reindeer meat, antlers, leather, and pelts are exported all over the world. The value of the ancient nomad culture has been recognized, and the Laplanders can no longer complain about their Government's indifference to their plight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. *Edited by K. Polanyi, J. Needham, C. Raven, and J. MacMurray. London: Gollancz. 1935.*

(R. H. Tawney in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

CHRISTIANITY and the Social Revolution is a remarkable book, but it does not lend itself to a brief review. It ranges in its survey from the origins of Christianity to German National Socialism. Metaphysics, natural science, social and religious history, all find a place in its pages. The sixteen contributors to it include Christian socialists and social reformers, Russian and English Communists, philosophers, scientists, and men of letters. Of its eighteen chapters, some are carefully reasoned essays, others affirmations of their authors' faith, or faiths. Its unity, therefore, is that of an inquiry prompted by a common conviction of the importance of the subject indicated by its title, not of common intellectual premises or of an agreed body of conclusions.

In that conviction the authors are unquestionably right. The crisis of Europe to-day has some resemblance to that of three centuries ago. Till recently unthinkable, a modern version of the so-called Wars of Religion is now not an impossibility. The world, it seems, is dividing itself into creedal blocks, of which some, at least, act on the detestable maxim *cujus regio, ejus religio* and destroy freedom to preserve unity. Nothing is more important than [redacted] nature of these creeds should [redacted]d and that they should, if possible, understand each other. It is the antipathies and affinities of two among them, Christianity and Socialism, which are the subject of this book.

All creeds suffer at the hands of history a double deformation. They undergo a process of dilution and petrifaction—dilution by the world, petrifaction by the elect. On the one hand, their teaching, as it is absorbed into the atmosphere of succeeding ages, loses the sharpness of its outlines and the purity of its color. Paradoxes, in order to be assimilated, must be turned into platitudes; the coin becomes worn in proportion as it circulates. On the other hand, the more novel their contribution, the more certainly predestined are they to be the victims of their adherents. It is a wise prophet who knows his own doctrine by the time his disciples have shown their devotion by defending it. The faithful in all movements are disposed to believe that they have acquired an exclusive title to expound, not always without glosses, the sacred books, and that fervor of conviction is a sufficient guarantee of infallibility in interpretation. The result is too often that every virtue in the doctrine is preserved except its vitality. Ritual formulæ are remembered and principles forgotten. Reiteration is regarded as a substitute for creative thought. The terror of the orthodox is converted by his followers into the founder of a new orthodoxy.

Christianity has repeatedly succumbed to this degeneration. Socialism, in spite of its short life, has also experienced it. In considering the

PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relations between the two, certain simple canons should be observed, which are as obvious as they are neglected. Facile syntheses are to be distrusted. Each creed may at bottom have more in common with the other than the militant spokesmen of both would wish; but, if so, the affinity must be sought in regions too profound to yield their treasure without a struggle. Each, again, is to be judged by its essential features, not by the *chronique scandaleuse* of failings, crimes, and aberrations which every student of history finds no difficulty in compiling.

Religion, or pseudo-religion, can undoubtedly be the opium of the people, and, when Marx so described it, it frequently was. But so also can Marxism, or pseudo-Marxism; few political organizations have been more thoroughly doped by a dogma into solemn and pretentious futility than the party long proclaimed to be the most Marxist in Europe, the pre-war German Social Democrats. Theory, in the third place, must be compared with theory, and practice with practice, not the theory of one system with the practice of another. Finally, no creed or society is to be judged by the absurdities of its camp-followers. It is probable that Christians have talked hitherto more nonsense than Socialists. There are more of them, at least on paper, and they have been longer at it. But in England, at any rate, some Socialists appear to be doing their best to make up for lost time. The eagerness of intellectual snobs to keep in step with the latest fashion is as ridiculous as the frenzies of the nice, lady-like creatures who babble sweetly of violence, without having the remotest idea of what violence is like. It would obviously be unfair to make much of either of them.

From vices of this kind *Christianity and the Social Revolution* is commendably free. It is serious; does not deal in the cheap currency of controversy; and is honest and sincere. It is out of the question to discuss the different contributions in detail. Probably the best for the reader to start on is that of Professor MacMurray on 'The Early Development of Marx's Thought.'

Most English readers appear still to begin their Marx either with *Capital* or with *The Communist Manifesto*. The effect is apt to be like that of measles on a man of sixty. The thing is so inappropriate to their condition that it either knocks them out or leaves them delirious. The right way to study Marx is the way Marx himself studied. It is to follow the line of his intellectual history. He was a writer who, in his later works, took for granted a great deal that had been the atmosphere of his earlier years and had gone to form his mind. He assumed, of course, Hegel, of whom Professor MacMurray properly makes much. He assumed the legacy of the French Revolution, and of that, perhaps, one should make more. He assumed, also, the acceptance of a mass of ethical ideas. To ignore all this and start halfway down the stream is to make certain of misunderstanding him. It leads, in particular, to a grotesque misconception of his theory of history and, therefore, of politics.

The misconception in question takes several forms. The commonest, I suppose, both among opponents and among some of his exponents, is that which suggests that, by some [illegible] terious process of squaring

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circles, he made a theory of the processes of history do the work of a political philosophy. That, presumably, is what is meant when he is denounced as 'unmoral.' The conventional mistranslation of *Die Materialistische Geschichtsauffassung*—'realist,' 'objective,' or 'positive' would all be better renderings—has, no doubt, something to do with it. In reality, of course, the suggestion of the critic that ethics are in some sense degraded when they are shown to have economic roots, or of the uninstructed disciple that, in order to dispose of a concept such as personal liberty, it is sufficient to describe it as 'bourgeois morality,' are equally solecisms. They have their source in a confusion of origins and values of which Marx was innocent. The servile cult of the inevitable, the distrust of personal initiative, and the contempt for common men to which that parody leads can possibly find some texts to cite, but they are foreign to his general tenor.

Marx himself, as his scathing denunciations are sufficient to prove, was as saturated with ethics as a Hebrew prophet. He did not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that historical statements are either a substitute for judgments of value or can be directly converted into them. Nor should anyone else. Religious tolerance came to its own in England partly—among other reasons—because compulsory conformity, if practicable in a homogeneous agricultural society, was ruinous in a complex commercial one with a multitude of different interests each clamoring to lead its own life. But it was not less an immense advance in civilization because it was economically advantageous. Some Puritan parliamentarians defended economic interests by appealing to constitutional precedents, as to the real tenor of which they were as mistaken as Puritan armies in their view of the authority to be ascribed to the English translation of the Bible. But the job they both did was not a small one. There is not much difficulty in showing that the sublime abstractions of the Declaration of the Rights of Man derived their practical significance from the prosaic necessities of a particular stage of economic development. But it remains to explain why the wretched recruits who were bundled into the line at Valmy astonished their generals, and the world, and themselves by standing still when the invincible infantry of the Prussians began to advance up the hill.

ALL THIS is not so irrelevant a digression as might, at first sight, be supposed. The one view of man which is fatal both to Christianity and to any social revolution worth making is that which regards him, not as a being with a capacity, if he will use it, for autonomy and responsibility, but as a machine or a slave. Given the acceptance of the platitude that the most important fact about human beings is their humanity, there is, at any rate, a sufficient basis of agreement for controversy. It is perpetually denied in practice in capitalist societies, and in Germany the Nazis have turned that denial into a dogma. It is significant, as Dr. Polanyi points out in an instructive essay, that, in the process of eradicating Communism, they have found it necessary to attempt to eradicate Christianity and, in order to destroy both, to repudiate as a gigantic aberration the last two thousand years of European history, to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater glory of some obscure tribes of whom little is known, and that little pretty trivial. Given their own premises, their logic is sound. They have been perfectly right in seeing an irreconcilable enemy in a creed which holds that one must obey God rather than man.

It is quite true, of course, that, though first principles are important, they do not carry one far. As the contributors who deal, in some interesting chapters, with the history of Christianity have no difficulty in showing, there have at most periods been large anti-capitalist and quasi-Communist elements in its teaching. In order to clear the ground for the modern economic system, it was necessary first to bring the Church to heel. In spite of the saints and prophets, however, it remains true that, if by the ambiguous word 'Church' is meant—as usually seems to be the case—its officers, then their record, with certain conspicuous exceptions, has been pretty black. The Anglican Church, in particular, during the greater part of the last three centuries, has been, and still largely remains, a class institution, making respectful salaams to property and gentility, and with too little faith in its own creed to call a spade a spade in the vulgar manner of the New Testament.

My criticism of the contributions of the two Russian Communists who touch on the subject is not, therefore, that they are too hard on the Christian Church. On the contrary, they let it off a good deal more lightly than would have been done by a slave of superstition like myself. It is that they appear to regard human history in general as a more sober, respectable, less tragic, sublime, disreputable, and desperate affair than it seems to me. There are moments when I am disposed to doubt whether the world is really quite so tidy and well-lit a lecture-room as virtuous intellectuals suppose. But probably that attitude is mystic, animistic, fictionistic, subjectively idealistic, and solipsistic. So down, presumptuous human reason!

The watershed between creeds which this striking book suggests is not the conventional one. Whatever Christians and Communists may say and do, Christianity and Communism are alike in holding the now unfashionable view that principles really matter. Both have their absolutes. As far as principles are concerned, the division of the future will lie, perhaps, less between different forms of political and economic organization than between different estimates of the value to be put on the muddled soul of Henry Dubb. What the rulers of Germany and Italy think of him we know; and I suspect that those of Japan think much the same. The Christian Church professes to regard him as a little lower than the angels, a child of God, and the heir of eternal life. But it has shown hitherto no unquenchable zeal to ensure that, in this vale of tears, he shall be treated as what, on its own doctrine, he is. The rulers of Russia have kicked out his old masters, harnessed science to his service, and told him to work, not as a serf, but as a free man among comrades. But, unless I am misinformed, they appear at times to regard him not without some nervousness, and—whether with reason or not, I am unable to judge—to be somewhat apprehensive lest what the polite Japanese call 'dangerous thoughts' should upset his feeble mind.

In the case of Dubb *v.* Superior Per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sons & Co., whether Christians, Capitalists, or Communists, I am an unrepentant Dubbite. So I am in the unfortunate position of being unable to applaud my friends for their vices, which—since their shining virtues will look after themselves—is what one's friends usually desire. I find it impossible to believe, with some Christians, that what they call spiritual equality is a compensation for economic and social inequalities or, with some Communists, that, given economic equality, such fragments of political and civil liberty as Dubb has contrived to pinch from under the indignant noses of his masters are a bourgeois superstition which a well-regulated mind will surrender without a pang. A Christianity which resigns the economic world to the Devil appears to me not Christianity at all, and a Socialism which puts Dubb on a chain for his own good and prevents him teaching manners to his wise governors, a Socialism which has half its battles still before it.

Since I am not a fatalist and regard confident predictions from past history as mostly sciolism, I have not yet despaired of Henry. I regard it as not impossible that he may one day wake up: make an angry noise like a man, instead of bleating like a sheep and in England, at any rate, in spite of scales heavily weighted against him, use such rights as he possesses, which he is more sensible than some of his teachers in thinking worth having, to win economic freedom. Several of the writers in *Christianity and the Social Revolution* would repudiate with contempt a creed so obviously devoid of scientific foundations. Others, possibly, would agree. I leave it to them and their readers.

SOVIET COMMUNISM. *By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans and Co. 1935.*

(Harold Laski in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

THE Webbs' book on Russia is quite certain to rank among the outstanding achievements of its distinguished authors. It is written on a massive scale, upon the basis not only of personal exploration but also of a wide and careful scrutiny of the relevant literature in half a dozen tongues. It meets the essential problems fairly and squarely. While in the main favorable to the great experiment it analyzes, it is not written in an uncritical temper; there are pages, for instance, on the 'disease of Soviet orthodoxy' which will, one hopes, be taken to heart in Moscow. All in all there is no book on the Russian system which remotely compares with it in either insight or intellectual caliber. It ought to mark an epoch in Western understanding of its vital theme.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb approach their task from two angles. On the one hand, they provide us with a full analysis of the structure, social, economic, political, of the new Russian society. Here, perhaps, what is new is less principle than detail; they build with their characteristic thoroughness and efficiency on the labors of American scholars like Batsell and Maxwell and of that remarkable and too-little-known work in which, over a decade ago, Mr. Brailsford gave what is still by far the best explanation of the Soviets at work. The value of this part of their work lies in its living picture of a structure in action. Whether it is a village soviet or the People's Court, the Gosplan or a factory committee, anyone who wants to know how these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

institutions actually work will find here a full and fascinating account of their operation. The historians of English local government have always shown a special gift for seizing the spirit of institutions; it has never been displayed to better advantage than in these pages.

But, valuable as it is to have this, even more important is the account of and judgment upon what may be termed the psychological and material foundations of the régime. The worship of science, the significance of the new incentives to production, the effect of the provisions for health and education and security, the decay of the orthodox religions, the meaning of the dictatorship, the place of the leader in the new society—all these are discussed with a freshness and vigor which it is impossible to overpraise. And the whole picture is drawn in an arresting contrast with the formulæ of Western civilization as we know it, which gives point and significance to the whole. It is not, one may urge, too much to say that this part of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book will raise the discussion of the import of Soviet Russia to a new plane. Certainly no one for a long time to come will be entitled to argue about it who is not fully familiar with the case they have here made.

This does not mean that they will win anything like assent to the views they lay down. One may agree with them that Soviet dictatorship cannot be usefully compared with that of Hitler or Mussolini; one may admit, also, that there is a vital sense in which it has added to the freedom of millions of human beings. Nevertheless, one emerges from their attempt to soften the rigors of proletarian dictatorship with the sense that the power of the party in office is set in terms of ruthless standards careless of the individual claim to self-realization. Their own stinging account of the 'disease of orthodoxy' is sufficient proof of the cost involved in the system. They are, no doubt, right in their conviction that the victory of Stalin over Trotsky was the victory of common sense over impossibilism; but to show what dictatorship means, there ought to have been a much more careful account than we find here of the Tammany Hall methods by which Stalin won. The testimony of Mrs. Strong to his wisdom is interesting and important; but the testimony of Ambassador Joffe, not here referred to, has a significance that Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not weigh. Nor do they deal adequately with the problem of the liquidation of the kulaks. Granted the end, the means no doubt followed, but, also, granted Hitler's premises, it is not difficult to justify his treatment of the Jews.

So with the Kirov trial. When all that can be said has been said the fact still remains that scores of people were shot without one jot of evidence being produced to connect them with the assassination which involved their death. Granted that many of them were involved in conspiracies against the Soviet Union, one is still left with the sense that there was more indignant revenge than careful justice in what occurred. There are many such points (often important points) to be made. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are often more ingenious than convincing in meeting their impact.

But when all this is said, what remains is the unshakable conviction that Soviet Communism has opened a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new epoch in the history of the world. It has redefined the canons of human behavior as surely and as impressively as the Reformation or the French Revolution. Like each of these great movements, it has done so in the name of a doctrine which it seeks to prove in the event. It has its trials, its hesitations, its set-backs; but, all in all, it sweeps forward with a magnificence which can escape no eye prepared to view it with any measure of objectivity. The price paid, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not seek to conceal, has been immense. But it is also true that young Russia to-day has won immense benefits, not otherwise attainable, from the fact that the price has been paid. The volume of new talent afforded an opportunity of expression, the new level of culture throughout the Soviet Union, the additions to material well-being in every aspect of working-class life, the immense spiritual gain achieved by the elimination of the profit-making motive, the addition to human good involved in the achievement of economic security for the masses—these are gains which the future historian will adjudge worth the price that has been paid.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not doubt that Soviet Communism is built on formulæ certain, in their essentials, to secure universal application, though they refuse to answer the question of how they will be applied. The English reader, born into an environment so different from that which Lenin and Stalin have remade, will be tempted, no doubt, to reject the universality of the doctrine. But before he does so, he must reflect far more carefully than he has been wont to do upon the instability of that capitalist democracy to which he has renewed his allegiance. He must consider, also, its sickness in the United States, the meaning of its disappearance in Central Europe and Italy. We live in one of those ages of which the temper calls for great experiment. It is not the least virtue of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's great book that they have given us a living picture of one new world which is, at least, genuinely seeking to redress the balance of the old.

ERINNERUNGEN UND DOKUMENTE. BAND I: MEINE ERSTEN KAMPFE. *By Jozef Pilsudski. With introductory notes by Hermann Göring and Werner von Blomberg. Essen: Essener Verlagsanstalt. 1935.*

(Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest)

THE first volume of Pilsudski's *Memoirs and Documents* has just appeared in German. It is entitled *My Early Struggles*. These early struggles of Pilsudski's, which occurred at the opening of the World War, show the man who was later to become the creator of Poland as the leader of a small band of barely 2,500 men and a few Uhlans, waging a war of their own against the Russians. That was the Polish Legion, which Pilsudski placed at the disposal of Austria-Hungary.

Poorly equipped, derided, treated with condescension, without sufficient military information, the legion lived only in the spirit which its leader, Pilsudski, the 'citizen commander,' gave it. It was the spirit of a hot-headed and audacious dreamer who in his youth had suffered deeply because of the weakness of his people, who had known only the burning desire to resurrect Poland, who had never thought any plan too bold or too adventurous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was an article of his faith that Russia must some day collapse. To be ready for the struggle when the hour struck—that was his first aim. Pilsudski knew Russia; he had spent ten years in exile in Siberia. He knew the country from his underground activities as revolutionary agitator and organizer, the author, printer, and producer of a secret Polish newspaper. He also knew his fellow countrymen, their foibles and their virtues. He had studied the history of his people, especially their heroic though ill-starred attempts at liberation. He was also a zealous student of military science, and thus he, a soldier by nature, learned to be a soldier.

All of his efforts preparing for the struggle for political liberation were directed primarily toward creating a small body of troops filled with a fighting spirit and imbued with military morale. On August 2, 1914, he mobilized his troops at Cracow. He was still a hot-head and a dreamer. He loved his 'boys' as they loved him. Adventure charmed him. Side by side with giant armies fighting for the existence of world empires, his little band fought for a Poland that was still to be born. Little issues did not concern his tiny legion: Pilsudski knew that. Had he not known it, every day that passed, with its routine worries and cares for the poorly armed legion, in want of the most necessary supplies, would have taught him it. His dream was of the future. The present was not the time for great decisions. That was why he did not become obsessed with the impossible. There was just one thing Pilsudski wanted to show himself, his followers, the Poles, the entire world: that there were men in Poland fighting for a new Poland. And he wanted to show how they fought.

He waged war almost romantically—backward and forward, to and fro, always on his own, exposed to danger and chance, as though these Polish condottieri were living centuries ago and not in a time of modern mass armies moving with precision. His most remarkable feat was bringing his men to Cracow, winding his way by night between the retreating Austrian and the advancing Russian armies.

Pilsudski's descriptions are free of pathos. They come from a heart remembering with intense happiness the day when he could demonstrate in practice his qualities as a general. He shows lovable honesty, pride, and yet a modesty which permits the reader to live through all the errors, all the yearnings, the attacks of nerves, the ecstasy of a soul taking wing into the uncertain, all the anger, worry, and comedy. All this, with the descriptions of landscapes and people, the warmth and the tempo of the presentation, makes the book so fascinating that few will willingly lay it aside.

At the time of these experiences Pilsudski was 47 years old. One has to know it to believe it; for, if his deeds at that time were those of a man, his heart was the heart of a youth. His book is as youthful as only the description of a beginning can be. The outbreak of the war against Russia was the 'start' for Pilsudski—that is apparent in every line, in the humor as well as the tragedy, in the bitterness as well as the joy, in the hunger, the thirst, and the fatigue. We get this feeling also from the pleasure he experienced in riding out into the world, the unknown world of adventure beyond which, like the morning

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

star of a dawning day, was the great idea.

Because of this youthfulness, Pilsudski's *Early Struggles* is more than a historical document. It is a human document. It breathes a sense of grandeur, a love for the rich, the colorful life, the life which will not be shackled by the everyday discomforts but is ready to meet them with courage and joy.

ALTE UNNENNBARE TAGE. *By Friedrich Eckstein. Vienna: Herbert Reichner Verlag. 1935.*

(Ernest Newman in the *Sunday Times*, London)

READERS of the biography of Hugo Wolf will remember a Friedrich Eckstein who more than once placed his purse and his house at the service of the impoverished composer. This gentleman, now, I suppose, in his middle seventies, has just published his reminiscences under the title of *Old Days Unnamable*. The reference, of course, is to the concluding lines of Mörike's poem, *Im Frühling*, with Wolf's setting of which every musician claiming any sort of culture at all is now familiar:—

Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage:
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
—Alte unnennbare Tage!

And most entertaining reminiscences they are, for not only has Dr. Eckstein had an unusually varied life, but his memory is excellent, and his style at once vigorous and easy. The son of a paper manufacturer whose inventive genius brought him a certain wealth—he seems to have been responsible, for instance, for the impermeable paper that used to protect our grandmothers' jam-pots—Friedrich Eckstein inherited his father's passion for chemical research. He appears to have prospered with his own inventions, the floating of which brought him into contact with several of the leading business men, politicians, soldiers, and so on of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. But he had also a passion for literature and the arts, especially music: he studied harmony and counterpoint for some years with Bruckner, with whom, besides, he was on terms of exceptional intimacy, acting on occasion as his secretary and business adviser. Dr. Eckstein's love for music brought him into more or less close relationship with many others of the leading composers and executants of his day.

These memoirs of his cover a good deal of ground besides that connected with music. A journey to America to arrange for some patents brought him the acquaintance of Edison, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other famous figures in the old American scene. One of his most amusing stories is of his calling for beer on one of his journeys through the Middle West and being told that the train supplies were locked up, as the train was passing through a Prohibition State. They would soon be stopping at a certain town, however, the Negro attendant informed him, where beer could be had on a doctor's prescription. The Negro having blandly insinuated that Dr. Eckstein *must* be a medical man, though he himself did n't know it, he grasped the man's meaning, and wrote out, on the spur of the moment, a prescription, on the strength of which the attendant obtained a dozen bottles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a chemist near the station. The prescription ran thus:—

Rp. Cerevisiae fulv.
lagen. origin. No. xii.
D.S. 'Lager Beer.'
1–2 to be taken after meals.

It needed only an illegible signature, in the best medical tradition, to bluff the apothecary completely.

Dr. Eckstein's youthful coquettings with theosophy, spiritualism, vegetarianism, social reform, and so on brought him into touch, at one time or another, with such people as Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant, and the Sinnetts. In London, where he was engaged in chemical research in the 1890's, he appears to have seen something of Keir Hardie and of a rising young Scotsman of the name of Ramsay MacDonald. He describes an August Bank Holiday on which he had infinite difficulty in getting to his chemical works on account of the swarm of working people of both sexes in the streets and the railway stations—few of them strictly sober. On expressing his astonishment at such scenes at a party at Mrs. Besant's next day, he was assured by Herbert Burrows that the rowdy behavior of the British proletariat was 'the direct result of the present system of egoism, thoughtlessness, and spiritual sloth'; but that it would all be changed pretty soon, 'when, as we expect, the miner Keir Hardie and his friends, especially the Scotch son of the soil, Ramsay MacDonald, have made their influence felt.'

TO THE musical reader, however, the best parts of Dr. Eckstein's story are those that deal with the musical personalities he has met. He gives us an interesting account of Wagner at the first production of *Parsifal* in 1882—Dr. Eckstein, by the way, tramped it from Vienna to Bayreuth in ten days, scorning trains as inappropriate to a pilgrimage of that sacred kind. He paints a moving picture of that pathetic figure Bruckner, whose youth had been passed in the direst poverty and subjection, while the years of his maturity were embittered by the attacks on him made by the Viennese critics who swore by Brahms. Dr. Eckstein tells us a good deal about Wolf at first hand—of his wide and deep reading, his burning enthusiasms, his penetrating critical judgments, his passion for tuning his own and his friends' pianos (an art in which he excelled), his alternation between a manner of the utmost charm and one of bitter discontent with, and cutting sarcasm about, everybody and everything. There was plentiful excuse for the latter: as Dr. Eckstein says, poor Wolf never had a real home of his own until his friends provided him with one toward the end of his career, while he was driven from one lodging after another by the distracting noises made all around him by would-be pianists and singers.

Mahler, Brahms, Franz and Josef Schalk, Ferdinand Löwe, and other prominent musical figures of the Vienna of the eighties and nineties pass through Dr. Eckstein's entertaining pages. We read of a meeting between Wolf and the youthful Hugo von Hofmannsthal: had their acquaintance developed, and had fate been kind to Wolf in other ways, the author of the *Rosenkavalier* might possibly have supplied Wolf with the ideal opera libretto of which he was always in such anxious search.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the most amusing passages in Dr. Eckstein's book is that dealing with Nietzsche and Peter Gast. Wolf and his friends had always been eager students of Nietzsche and were puzzled, to say the least, when the philosopher abused his former idol Wagner so roundly in his brochure of 1888. One sentence in this had particularly intrigued them: 'I know only one musician,' Nietzsche had said, 'who is at present still in a position to cut an overture out of the block, and nobody knows him.' We know now who was this composer whom Nietzsche regarded as the only living musician of genius. It was a certain Peter Gast, to whom there are many references in the philosopher's letters.

Wolf was immensely interested in this hint that somewhere or other in Europe there was a great master as yet unacknowledged. Who could he be? 'Wolf kept on at me all the time about him,' says Dr. Eckstein. 'I ought to do everything possible to discover who this mysterious musician was, where he lived, what he had written: it was a life-and-death matter for Wolf!'

For a long time Dr. Eckstein could learn nothing about the unknown genius, and Wolf's impatience became greater and greater. At last Dr. Eckstein learned, from no less a person than Moriz Rosenthal, who had come across the genius somewhere or other, that he was one Heinrich Köselitz—Peter Gast, or, as Nietzsche used to call him after he had come over all Mediterranean, Pietro Gasti, being a pseudonym—and that he had written an opera called *The Lion of Venice*, the overture to which had just been published.

Dr. Eckstein at once obtained this. As he played the banal stuff over he could scarcely believe his eyes, he says. He wanted Wolf's unbiased opinion of it: so he sent for him, told him he had just received a piece of music upon which he would like to have his judgment, and placed it on the piano, having first of all removed the cover and the composer's name.

Wolf began to play the overture. 'What the devil is this?' he asked. 'Is it something of Millöcker's? Impossible! Millöcker is incomparably more interesting. Take it away! Who *is* this dullard?' 'Don't decide in a hurry,' said Dr. Eckstein, and he put on the piano a duet from the opera that had been issued along with the overture. The duet was too much for Wolf. He got up in a rage, flinging the music away from him, and again demanding the name of this duffer. 'This,' said Dr. Eckstein with a grin, 'this is the famous overture, "cut out of a single block," to the opera *The Lion of Venice*, by the prodigious master Peter Gast.'

'Wolf stared at me for a moment with his eyes coming out of his head, as if he did n't quite grasp what I was saying. Then he gave a long, grating, crowing shriek, and began to laugh so violently that he twisted himself into all sorts of attitudes. He jumped on a chair, splitting his sides with laughter, then threw himself at full length on the divan, and laughed, and laughed, unable to speak for tears. "So this," he said at last, gasping for breath, "this is the great master of *limpidezza* who surpasses Wagner! Whatever has happened to Nietzsche? Is it really possible? Is he out of his mind?"'

Wolf had come nearer the truth than he or most other people suspected at the time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DÉLICE D'ÉLEUTHÈRE. *By Julien Benda. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1935.*

(Ramon Fernandez in *Marianne*, Paris)

IT IS very seldom that one can recommend for light reading a book by a philosopher, unless, of course, it is the work of a philosopher on his vacation. M. Julien Benda, who has been holding the attention of the public ever since his *La Trahison des Clercs*, seems more like a militant philosopher and a devil of a polemicist than anything else. Charles Péguy once said that the true philosopher is not he who opposes, but he who stands beside his adversaries; M. Julien Benda is to be found more often (a little too often) opposing, and not half enough beside. For that reason we ought to rejoice over a work like *Éleuthère's Delight*, where the militant thinker gives his austere reason a twenty-four-hour leave of absence in order to put himself in the place of those whom he combats, and with a good grace that enables him to smile at himself.

M. Julien Benda initiates us into the reveries of Éleuthère, of whom he speaks in the third person; but this Éleuthère bears a strong resemblance to M. Julien Benda, who, in his search for a more supple and human contact with the reader, presents himself, no longer as the possessor of the sole truth, but as a lover of a certain truth. The true philosopher looks at a fly from a universal point of view: Éleuthère seeks his 'delight' in minute events, such as a social gathering, or a visit to a museum (the latter being for him a minute affair because he does not understand anything about painting). The subjects of his reflections are many. Social distinctions, marriage, nationalism, war, literature, critical appreciation, irrationalism, birth, childhood, painting, dramatic emotion, nobility, the Soviet Revolution, Marxism, the Catholic Church, death, being, eternity—all these compose, as one can see, a regular little dictionary of thought. But it is a light dictionary, just the right kind to be perused between two salt-water-baths in order not to lose contact with the ideas.

Éleuthère's writing is not without certain little professional mannerisms of the intellectual philosopher; when he tells us that, from time to time, 'he loses himself in the century,' we find him rather pretentious. When, further, he claims that artistic taste 'is less profound' than logical speculation, we want to introduce him to Leonardo da Vinci; and when he attempts to describe to us the ecstasy of a young virgin transformed into a woman, we fear that the pleasure we derive from this discussion is not the kind he wishes to give us. But his good qualities compensate for his faults. He is intelligent, and he writes well, in a style that follows the tenuous line between idea and sensation; and then, as I have said before, he is on his vacation, and he lets us see that he can be as human as we.

There is much to glean in *Éleuthère's Delight*. But I shall let you do it by yourself and shall content myself with indicating a few salient points. Éleuthère-Benda calls his delight the enchantment of the thinker who discovers connections between things that have no obvious relations and perceives the close concatenation of all the events in the universe. Does he receive an invitation to the marriage of a young girl? He immediately

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreams of the symbol of marriage, virginity, and birth. Does he learn about the death of an old general, very noble and very Catholic? That provides him with an occasion for a beautifully written page on that self-righteous profession betrayed by its own past, as well as by the present of the others. He never is as happy—oh, the heights of delight!—as when he is able to connect a new custom with the oldest human manifestations. Here we find, under this nonchalant and seemingly ill-fitting form, the historical sense of which M. Julien Benda had given us outstanding proofs, and which is a very striking quality of that contemplator of temporal things. We owe him several delicious lines, which I must quote.

'I am dreaming of your rival (the rival of Cleopatra), the wife of your Antony, Octavia, the great bourgeoise, as beautiful as you, perhaps more courageous and sensitive, she in whom Rome places all its hope, while the masculine world goes mad. I see her, her face, like those of Luini's women, a pure oval under her beautiful black tresses. She passes through the ages, this woman with the black tresses. She is called Valentine of Milan, Anne de Beaujeu, the queen Marie Amelia.'

Passages like these recall what an excellent humanist M. Julien Benda can be when he wishes. By 'humanist' I mean a fond and patient reader who tastes and samples his literature with all his senses and knows how to put it in the shade or the sun in order to make it bloom. The chapter dedicated to literary impressions, prosody, and poetic effects should be underlined and re-read; as well as the one with the author's excellent explanation of Wagner's prestige. In all these, M. Julien Benda, who, when he is 'in the field,' defends reason as opposed to the senses, and the philosopher as opposed to the artist, shows that he is not ignorant of the pleasures and the secrets of his opponents.

Now—and without wishing to disturb the vacations of either the reader or the author—it is well to recall that M. Julien Benda in practice is rather exorbitant. He defends reason in such a manner that he seems to demand reverence without consulting experience. Inasmuch as reason enters consciousness by and through experience, this demand of M. Benda seems a little arbitrary. M. Julien Benda, who thinks so beautifully when he is on leave, at other times contemplates better than he thinks. He contemplates universal ideas with a patience and tenacity which do credit to his sense of duty. But one must agree with Péguy that he is somewhat didactic, as is evinced, for example, by his abhorrence of Bergson and his unwillingness to admit the latter's many contributions to the enrichment of the philosophy of reason.

Furthermore, Éleuthère in a museum makes a discovery by which M. Julien Benda will doubtless profit. Surprised by the fact that the uncultivated public in the museum can so easily recognize a horse or a fire from a few simplified outlines, he states that the faculty of abstraction must be prevalent among human beings. He says this with some bitterness, for what becomes of the thinker's pride, if the grocer on the corner can do as much, even as M. Jourdain could speak prose? And thus, like Montagne, this purist has learned that nothing we experience is pure.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The pure sensualists make a very small minority, just like pure liars, and pure villains. He himself is not one of these elect. He bows his head to this pronouncement.' Very well, bow your head, M. Benda! And be assured that this penance will only do you good.

CLEAR HORIZON. *By Dorothy Richardson. London: Dent. 1935.*
THE THREE FRIENDS. *By Norman Collins. London: Gollancz. 1935.*
THE LAST PURITAN. *By George Santayana. London: Constable. 1935.*

(Seán O'Faoláin in the *Spectator*, London)

IT IS, perhaps, and yet who knows (if one may drop into the melancholy and elliptical style of George Moore), an unwise thing for a reviewer to confess that he is not familiar with the writings of a well-known artist. He has at best the pale consolation of not falling within the cynical epigram of the French critic who said of another French critic—*Il sait tout, et il ne sait que cela.* And he may console himself that he brings freshness to his reading. I have not, to come to the point, read before anything of Miss Dorothy Richardson's, and, since she has been fecund and a few pages suffice to show that she is a sincere and serious artist, I am troubled by reading, after that first glance, Mr. H. G. Wells's praise of her on the jacket of this new chapter-volume in her Miriam series: 'No one has the measure of English fiction who does not know her work'; and M. Abel Chevalley's ' . . . *parait aller le plus loin vers une rénovation totale du roman anglais.*' With excitement one begins to read; and in doubt one continues. Where, one asks, has one seen all this before?

'With a single up-swinging movement, she was clear of earth and hanging, suspended and motionless, high in the sky, looking away to the right, into a far-off pearly-blue distance that held her eyes, seeming to be in motion within itself; an intense crystalline vibration that seemed to be aware of being enchantedly observed, and even to be amused and saying, "Yes, this is my reality."

'She was moving, or the sky about her was moving. Masses of pinnacled clouds rose between her and the clear distance and, just as she felt herself sinking, her spirit seemed to be up amongst their high rejoicing summits. And then the little manageress was setting down the coffee upon the near table, her head turned, while still her fingers held the rim of the saucer, in the direction of her new destination, towards which her kind tired eyes were sending their quizzical smile.

'Joy that up there seemed everywhere, pulsed now, confined, within her, holding away thoughts, holding away everything but itself.

'"I've been up amongst the rejoicing cloud-tops," she wrote, and sat back and sipped her coffee.'

Where has one smelt the sweet odor of this narcotic before?

'The silence of the night grew more intense, there were millions of stars, small and great, and the moon now shone amidst them, alone, "of different birth," divided from them forever as he was divided from this woman, whose arm touched his as they walked through the darkness, divided forever, unable to communicate his soul to hers. Did she understand what he was feeling—the mystery of their lives written in the stars, sung by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nightingale, and breathed by the flowers? Did she understand? Had the convent rule left her sufficient sensibility to understand such simple human truths?

'"How sweetly the tobacco plant smells," she said.'

Evelyn Innes and *Sister Teresa* are more masculine, but they are of the same breath, the same deciduous style shedding its etiolated leaves of meaning at regular faint-falling intervals—and meaning much more in Moore than it ever means in Miss Richardson. 'You are not in love with me, but with memory,' Evelyn said to Owen, and so life and 'reality' might say to Miss Richardson, or say at least 'in love with your own consciousness.'

There can be no question of a '*rénovation totale du roman anglais.*' Moore rejected in the final selection for his canon this hyper-consciousness of existence, which is like the dopey eyes of the Buddha contemplating his own navel, and Joyce rejected it by going on to the hard objectivity of *Ulysses* from the drug of *A Portrait*, and Valéry, the high priest of consciousness, reduced it to a logical absurdity by pointing out that the more the mind attempts to revel in its own superfluity of experiences the more it empties itself of all externality and ends by becoming a force destitute of an object. It ceases to be human. That is not to say that Miss Richardson does not use a delicate and sensitive style and see her passing pageant with a subtle eye for its many varieties of tone. Perhaps, as usual, it is all a matter of taste, and this reviewer is simply out of sympathy with the dim and distant seclusion of this kind of self-communion.

BUT novelists can be extraordinarily unaware of the conventions within which they work. Mr. Norman Collins writes in the good old solid naturalistic 'her-stays-were-creaking' convention, as assuredly as if he had invented this way of seeing life. Here are typical emphases:—

'The bedroom had a hot heavy smell; it was as though someone had been keeping mice there.'

'Her black-gloved hands were clasped on the tarnished silver knob of her tall umbrella. The only sign of emotion other than the movements of her fingers, as they clasped and unclasped that dubious piece of metal, was the way in which she kept wetting her lips with her tongue. It made a small damp circle in the centre of her veil.'

'His clerical collar had wriggled up round his neck, and between the black silk of his waistcoat and the white celluloid of the collar a broad band of pink neck showed glaringly through . . .'

Well, well! It is one kind of reality, and Miss Richardson's internal world is another, and all one can say for this convention is that it makes one sigh for the days when, as we first read *Boule de Suif*, we banged the book and cried out with admiration at the sentence: 'There was also a fine piece of gruyère cheese, which had been wrapped in a newspaper and bore the "miscellaneous news" printed in reverse on its creamy surface.'

It is a good convention, and like the nonagenarian it is 'just as strong as ever—never felt better in fact,' and, if you have n't had enough of it, this novel of three commercial travelers and the amours of two of them, will appear veritable and penetrating.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For myself I cannot bear this modern habit of laughing at what one really feels sorry for. Mr. Chesterton says the English like to feel everything is for the best in the best of impossible worlds, and M. Maurois says of Dickens that he found a way of evading the charge—by making ugliness absurd, so that he could smile bravely at it. But the moderns make their Tom Pinches absurd and break their hearts laughing at the poor wretches as Mr. Collins does at his mongrel-ragtag-and-bobtail Mr. Birdie. It is like saying: 'Look at this hungry dog. Is n't he a scream!'

THAT kind of insensitiveness, and that kind of externalization, is not to be found in Mr. Santayana's 'Memoir in the Form of a Novel,' which is a philosophical-psychological-sociological analysis of Puritanism as seen in a diffident and somewhat unusually serious-minded young New Englander, Oliver Alden. Mr. Santayana can be sarcastic, but with a sense of propriety in the occasion; and realistically graphic, but with a due sense of neither wishing to obtrude nor be obvious, so that both forms of restraint suggest a distinguished and well-mannered book. Fräulein Irma, sailing for America, feels she may go down to history as the governess of a president but suddenly feels that she had better go down to her cabin. Boats tied at a landing stage are like a bunch of bananas, but one is not asked to hold one's regard on them or on the genius of the author for making such a clever phrase. And when Nathaniel Alden holds out a 'horizontal hand' at parting with his vivacious step-sister, one sees not the obtrusive hand but the horizontal mind of Mr. Alden. In fact, it is a weakness in *The Last Puritan*, though a deliberate technique, that realism is eschewed in order to get us down to the inner reality: so that the conversations are undramatic, and the commentary frequent and discursive, and the ruminations of the characters more informative than credible.

Having said, which one must say, that *The Last Puritan* is, surely, one of the few modern books that will remain,—whether as memoir or novel,—grown, as it has, out of a personal intensity of feeling no less moving in the record, and possibly more effective for being at once tranquilized by thought and expressed with an urbanity salted by something very like disillusion, one may or may not see Oliver Alden, but how fully one realizes him!

His home where they discussed loftily too many opinions and people and so emphasized his inherent Calvinistic conscience, that awful Puritan conscience that was at the root of his tragedy ('not content merely to understand but eager to govern'), refusing to let him be equivocal about anything in a most equivocal world and opposing always his diffidence that made him want like his drug-taking father—Peter Alden is excellent—to be one of the birds in the echelon rather than the leader or Mrs. Murphy's child in the lap rather than Mrs. Alden's child in the carriage. It is one of the few novels I know that is subjective without being self-engaged, and there is (what a relief!) no corroding self-pity. And, if it is somewhat long and there is a good deal of philosophy, it is the length of an interesting book and the philosophy of an interesting philosopher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAGEBUCH AUS DEM WINKEL. *By Jakob Wassermann. Amsterdam: Querido Verlag. 1935.*

(Emil Ludwig in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

IN THESE few short pieces, published two years after his death, Jakob Wassermann speaks to us with remarkable eloquence. I prefer them to many of his books. In reading them we become aware of the great earnestness of his life. The darkness which at times made dealings with him so difficult when he was alive, here becomes a shining background against which he and his characters are picked out. 'My landscape, internal and external,' is the title of a speech which he gave in Vienna in March 1933, a speech in exquisite German. Self-confidence in his relations with his own times, humility in looking back upon his greater predecessors, a romantic devotion to his destiny even when it was somber, a constant, unshakeable faith in his mission—all these made him touchingly German; and one is bound to think how much greater still his sorrows would be were he alive to-day, for he never ceased, and never would have ceased, to be anything but German.

When he describes the heavy air, the cloudy sky, the gray-shining glaciers of his second homeland in Styria, one recognizes him again as he was in his house in the mountains, working in seclusion, searching for gold, shaping it and giving it form. Like Balzac, this passion tied him to his desk for years, for decades, for a lifetime; but the yearning desire to live which burned in Balzac only rarely and half-consciously came to light in Wassermann.

As I glance over these pages, I clearly realize the deep contrast in our natures and our ways of living. During a brief period of personal friendship toward the end of his life, he took this contrast for granted, as I did, without trying to bridge the gap. At the same time my admiration for his earnestness, workmanlike in the highest sense, increases. Not until we leave an island, and see it begin to vanish, do we realize how high the mountains were that crowned it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

War and Peace

EVER since Baldur von Schirach took charge of the education of German youth, all juvenile literature appearing in Germany has been serving the preparation for war. The *Neue Tage-Buch* tells us that at least ninety-five per cent of all new juvenile titles are war books: *Flying in the World War*, *Experiences on the Sea-Front*, etc. For older children there are 'Writings in the Spirit of Defense.' Yet until recently the whole thing lacked system. School texts, especially, were not sufficiently adapted to the demands of the new day. But now, at last, in the fall of 1935, teachers are being supplied with material in convenient form. From the new titles let us pick a few representative ones: *Material on Military Defense for Instruction in German History; Mathematics and Defense Athletics*. The latter book is described in the introduction as being for secondary schools; the work claims to give youth character and technical as well as physical education. The book deals with the measuring and estimating of distances, including the measurement of sound, with problems of trajectory (hand grenades) and gunnery, with map-reading and topography, with orientation in the field, etc.

Perhaps the most interesting of the new German schoolbooks is that which bears the title *School Experiments in the Chemistry of War Materials*. It contains a comprehensive discussion of all poison gases used in modern warfare. Instructions are given for experiments designed to make the students familiar with the various kinds of poison gas. The thoroughly expert character of the text is indicated by the fact that it was written in collaboration with a large phosgene-manufacturing company in Hamburg, whose factory was responsible for a catastrophe of vast dimensions a few years ago. The author specifically acknowledges this collaboration in his preface.

The author himself, a Dr. Kintoff, declares that the book has filled an urgent need: 'Among those who in case of emergency will have to take charge of homeland defenses,' he says, 'will be our students of fifteen to eighteen years, who are not yet ready for military service. We must train them for this defense work. This can best be accomplished by means of a thorough introduction into the chemistry of war materials.'

Thanks to this new textbook, German schoolboys undoubtedly will acquire a considerable knowledge of the use of poison gas. Former generations of teachers admonished lazy students with the Latin proverb: 'We learn not for the school but for life.' Hitler's youth of to-day are studying not for the school but for death.

The Village Playwright

A FEW peasant women of Navelie, a small village in western Russia, have organized a dramatic club for the purpose of presenting plays composed by one of their number. The leading spirit of the group is one Ekaterina Mikhailova, a sixty-five-year-old peasant woman whose dramatizations of her own life under the old régime have been delighting the audiences of collective-farm workers who flock to see them. Mikhailova seems to be a true popular artist, known to her own people for her songs and poetry before she finally chose this latest medium of expression.

'This is the way it began,' she told a correspondent from *Izvestia*. 'One night last fall I took to thinking about my life, all the things I suffered. And suddenly I wanted to talk about it. I remembered the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past all that night: I laughed and wept and talked to myself. Finally I decided to make a play of it. When it was finished, I persuaded other women to act it out.'

The interesting thing is that the play was never put down on paper, because the author could neither read nor write. The women who acted in her play learned their parts from her own lips, word for word. The whole little production was worked out with loving patience and a good deal of artistic feeling. The rôles were learned by heart, and not a single mistake has ever been made by any one of the actresses. The performance, given in the village schoolhouse, was very successful and resulted in a bigger one, given this time in a real theatre for the benefit of the whole district.

The first play produced by the intrepid little group is autobiographical in subject. Its heroine is a young peasant woman before the Revolution, whose poverty-ridden life is made even harder by the fact that her husband, who has been completely ruined by a 'kulak' (the usual bogeyman of Soviet tragedies), has taken to drink. Unable to endure the situation, she leaves her husband and goes to Moscow. She has no passport: she lives in constant dread of arrest. She is pursued by a corrupt police official who takes advantage of her plight to force her to yield to him. The play ends on a note of indignation and sorrow.

Another play deals with the theme of a young woman forced by her family to marry a man she does not love—a situation very common in the old times.

The whole village is excited by this sudden emergence of a local genius. The 'club' is growing; its members are trying to get the men to join and play male rôles. They are feverishly making scenery and costumes. All this is going on at a time when the kolkhozes are working at top speed. But the peasants enjoy the plays enough to find time for their presentation. Ekaterina Mikhailova, the peasant-woman playwright, is being widely acclaimed for her creative achievements.

The Trojan War

WRITING in the *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris satirical weekly, Jean Galtier-Boissière describes Jean Giraudoux's new anti-war play, which the writer has prudently staged in ancient Troy. *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place* is one of the most up to date plays that has appeared on the French stage this year.

'Hector brings his weary troops back to Troy after a victorious war, and finds his wife, Andromache, pregnant. His only thought is to enjoy his happy home and the peace he has regained. But Paris, his brother, has kidnapped Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of the Greeks and King of the Cuckolds. Such an offense must necessarily bring sanctions. The people expect a tussle, and the belligerent old men, spurred on by the grotesque poet, Demoskos, try to excite popular passions by organizing a "competition of invectives" addressed to the enemy of the forthcoming war to end war.

'"The armies," Demoskos declares, "must share the hatred of the civilians. When armies are left to their own devices, they spend their time in mutual admiration. They will lose all taste for insult, for libel, and consequently and inevitably for war."

'Hector, who has just come back from battle, thinks it is absurd that the Trojan people should feel compelled to belabor the Greek people or to be belabored by them, solely because the gigolo, Paris, decided to make love to the beautiful Helen. He persuades Helen, who does not care a bit for Paris, to return to Greece. When Ulysses comes to claim her in the name of the cuckold, Menelaus, he gladly gives her up, and, completely master of himself, he endures the provocations of Ajax, Ulysses' companion. Peace seems assured, but Ulysses, who is more subtle than Hector, is afraid that the "gods" may provoke war in spite of all their efforts.

'Hector's ordeal is not yet over. The drunkard, Ajax, goes as far as to flirt with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andromache. Hector raises his spear. Will he strike down the vulgar provocateur? Once more he controls himself. He lets the brute go his way, but at this moment Demoskos, the national poet, appears; that imbecile has seen the affront. He immediately starts out to arouse the people to cry out for revenge.

'It is he whom Hector pierces with his spear. But before he dies, that grotesque character, whose mind is made up to have a war, falsely accuses the Greek, Ajax, of having assassinated him. Thus Hector, who wanted to avoid the conflict at any cost, finds that he has brought it about by the most unexpected detour.

'If Jean Giraudoux had wanted to express his thought in plain language, and place these words in the mouths of contemporary men, his play would have no doubt provoked a scandal; but, being as ingenious as Ulysses, he has chosen ancient characters to speak his subversive propaganda. Thanks to this subterfuge, the spectators, who would rise up in indignation if the actors had been dressed in modern clothes, listen to Trojans and Greeks discuss in carefully chosen terms conscientious objection, fraternization and voluntary mutilation. Hector is allowed to say that the old men should be placed in the firing line of the armies, and to reply to Andromache, who wants to mutilate her son so that he will not be a soldier:—

'"If all the mothers cut off their sons' right index finger, the armies of the world will wage war without a finger. If they cut off their sons' right legs, the armies will be composed of one-legged men. But there will always be armies."

'Thus, in spite of a general conformity, a subtle mind has succeeded in imposing its thought "to the very end", so that certain critics are definitely worried: for when Giraudoux speaks of the gods who, in spite of the good will of mankind, will always succeed in provoking slaughter, is he not making an unkind allusion to certain occult powers who rule our world to-day?'

Hands across the Rhine

PAUL MORAND, the well-known French novelist, who—from the Nazi point of view—certainly falls in the category of literature that belongs in the gutter, has recently been honored with publication in Herr Goebbels's newspaper, the *Angriff*, as we learn from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German-émigré weekly. The writer owes this dubious honor to his novel *France la Doulce*, in which he is certainly not at his best. But this seems to have been one of the reasons why the *Angriff* selected it: the other reason is the subject. For *France la Doulce* is a satire on the motion-picture business of to-day, in which one frequently encounters unpleasant types of opportunists, among whom non-Aryans are no rarity. As Goebbels's writers seem wholly unable to produce a 'good' anti-Semitic newspaper novel, the French one was a godsend for the *Angriff*. A well-known French author satirizing the 'Film Jews' must necessarily be *persona grata!* So Morand was forgiven for his 'culture-Bolshevist' past, and *France la Doulce* received the German title *Jews Shoot a Picture*.

Goebbels apparently did not read the novel himself. But those readers who reached the fourteenth installment were surprised to see the following passage:—

'Berlin called to-day at 12 o'clock, and we talked for an hour. They are going to buy the picture, but Don Alphonso will have to sing in it.

'"I don't sing," the prince said. "It won't be so hot."

'"All they ask is that we sandwich in a song which the German Propaganda Ministry will furnish. The point to be emphasized is that the Song of Roland is of German-Latin origin."'

Reports from Berlin indicate that this mockery of Dr. Goebbels in his own paper caused a good deal of derisive comment. The incautious editors of the *Angriff* are expected to face the wrath of their chief, who has no sense of humor in such mat-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters. Even when Jews are satirized by foreign authors—all that glitters anti-Semitically is not good National-Socialist gold.

Nietzsche's Sister

On the occasion of the recent death of Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, sister of the famous German philosopher, the German press united in pæans of praise for her unselfish devotion to her brother's memory:

'. . . One of the most important women of Germany of the past decades . . . Nietzsche's work is unthinkable without her. . . .'(*Berliner Tageblatt*)

'. . . In her we have the supreme example of a sister administering the spiritual estate of her maligned brother, unselfishly, faithfully, and conscientiously. . . .' (*Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*)

It is true that Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche devotedly nursed her brother when he was already engulfed by the shadows of insanity, and that Nietzsche research owes her much—for it was she who painstakingly brought together much scattered work and correspondence. There is, however, another side to her personality, which is strikingly brought out in the *Manchester Guardian:*—

'The career of Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche shows how little the Nazi movement has to do with the Treaty of Versailles. Her husband, Förster, was a predecessor of the Nazis and a wild anti-Semite. It was Förster who suggested the petition, which was signed by 267,000 persons who demanded the expulsion of the Jews from Germany, that was submitted to Bismarck in 1881. All the things said about the Jews in Germany now, and about race and the nation, were said then, except that Marxism was not sufficiently known to be talked about. What has happened now is the continuation of what was begun then—of the anti-Semitic and Pan-German movements which, so far from being produced by the Treaty of Versailles, were only interrupted by it.

'The particular mission of Elisabeth Förster was to help in preparing the "Nietzsche legend" for popular, or rather Nazi, consumption. She brooded over the Nietzsche archives in Weimar, giving venomous pecks at anyone who might by a too scrupulous inquiry discover in her brother's letters and other manuscripts how very different he was from the legend she was hatching with so fierce a devotion. She did, in fact, succeed in concealing a good deal from her own countrymen, especially the bitter thoughts her brother had about herself. But what he thought about the predecessors of Nazidom and their ideas was expressed in such abundance and with such emphasis that it could not be concealed. "Have nothing to do," he once wrote, "with people who talk lying humbug about race."

'Had he lived now, there is no doubt whatever where he would be. He would certainly be an émigré. He might for a moment have played with the idea of living in Warsaw, for he was proud of his Polish ancestry. But in the end he would have settled down in his beloved Paris, away from the Third Realm, where all he feared and hated has come true.'

Many other quotations could be cited to support the *Manchester Guardian's* conclusions, which make it almost unbelievable that Nietzsche should always be claimed as one of the great predecessors of Nazism. What, we wonder, do good Nazis think when they read such passages as this, which we take from *Beyond Good and Evil:* '. . . . among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly . . . and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called . . .'? But, as misquoting is a favored occupation of the Nazis, one in which they have become unusually skilled, they would probably have no trouble turning this into a eulogy of the German-Nordic race.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Fate of American Cotton

CENSORSHIP has robbed the German language press of much of its usefulness, but in one respect at least it remains as pre-eminent as it ever was: it still publishes as sound and informative 'economists' columns' as may be found anywhere. Such, for instance, is the following article by the economist of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna on the results of the Roosevelt program for controlling the production of cotton:—

The contradictory policies prevailing at the present moment in the cotton-producing countries are brought into sharp relief by the coincidence of two significant events. On the same day (August 4, 1933) on which President Roosevelt handed $517 to farmer W. Morris as remuneration for having been the first to plow under 47 acres of his cotton-bearing land, the Bhakra Dam in British India was dedicated. This flood control project is to turn acres of unpopulated Punjab land into valuable cotton fields. The contrast becomes a paradox when it is realized that the United States, the cotton country *par excellence*, is deliberately withdrawing from production no less than 10,000,000 acres of easily worked cotton land for the cultivation of which a surplus of cheap labor is available, while another exporting nation is investing enormous capital in order to turn desert reaches into cotton land, a job attended by the difficult problem of securing an adequate supply of cheap labor.

The measures taken by the government of the United States can only be understood from the point of view of the short-sighted agricultural policy of the present régime. When, on May 12, 1933, the Agricultural Adjustment Act was passed, the necessary funds were appropriated for realizing the farmers' demands for 'parity.' The cotton grower's aim was to have the purchasing power of his cotton crop reach the level of the 1909–14 average. The total income of the cotton growers in the United States had fallen from $1,535,000,000 in 1928 to $484,000,000 in 1932. Misery reigned among the population of those southern states which are concerned principally with cotton raising. The Democratic régime had every reason to bring economic relief to the southern states, the 'solid south,' which had always been regarded as the mainstay of the Democratic Party.

WITH the Bankhead Cotton Control Bill of April 21, 1934, the recovery program for the cotton growers took final form. As a result more than one-fourth of the normal area of cultivation was plowed under and a bounty of $7 to $20 per acre, totaling $117,000,000, was paid to the farmers. After the crop of 1934 had been gathered, extensive credits were granted by Congress, within the framework of the AAA, enabling the farmers to borrow 12¢ per pound on their crop. These measures did finally bring—though at great expense—the desired result. The cotton crop was reduced to 9,731,000 bales. The price for cotton had increased from 6¢ to 10½¢, due to the small supply and the devaluation of the dollar in 1933. Farm income, including the subsidies, increased to a total of $873,000,000, almost double the figure for 1932. But because of the credits extended, more than half of the crop came into the possession of the government, which currently has at its disposal more than 6,000,000 bales purchased at an average price of 12¢ per pound.

Were the government to sell its supply

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at prices now prevailing, it would suffer considerable losses. The more serious result is that the policy described has artificially raised the price of cotton to a level which no longer corresponds to the price for the same quality on the world market. Most consumers of American cotton are willing to pay a modest premium for United States goods; for the adjustment of the cotton spinning machinery to a different length of fiber—Egyptian cotton is longer, Indian cotton shorter—involves considerable expense.

But the export figures for the last three years show an alarming drift away from the American market. Between August 1932 and July 1933, 8.4 million bales were exported; this fell to 7.5 million in 1933–34, and 4.8 million in 1934–35. America's share in the world's cotton production was 62 per cent in 1931–32; 54.3 per cent in 1932–33; 49.1 per cent in 1933–34; and 40.8 per cent in 1934–35. The following table will show to what extent cotton production in the United States has been throttled, while other countries have at the same time shown an enormous increase in production:—

	Annual Average from 1926–1927 to 1930–31	1931–32	1932–33	1933–34	1934–35
	(Production is given in 1000 bales)				
United States	14,834	17,095	13,001	13,047	9,731
India	4,559	3,353	3,898	4,241	4,023
China	2,090	1,785	2,261	2,726	3,125
Egypt	1,600	1,323	1,028	1,777	1,566
Brazil	521	575	448	969	1,361
Russia	1,194	1,843	1,028	1,887	1,937
World production	26,320	27,594	23,598	26,569	23,622

AS MAY be seen, all cotton-growing countries except India and the United States show a rising production over the 1926 average. The greatest increase is shown by Brazil, which has doubled its production over the 1931–32 level. Along the southern and western La Plata basin a movement is in progress which can only be compared to the advance of cotton-growing from the Atlantic to California—a movement that began in 1800 and stopped in 1933. As late as 1933 cotton ranked ninth among Brazilian export products, making up 2 per cent of the total. Toward the end of 1934 it amounted to 13 per cent, was exceeded only by coffee, and brought in $30,000,000 in foreign exchange. Already many skilled cotton growers have left the United States for Brazil, for it can hardly be denied that the small tenant farmers, the share-croppers, comprising 60 per cent of the cotton growers of the South, have been worse off under the recovery program than under the old state of affairs.

The 1935 United States cotton crop is estimated at 11,004,000 bales. Government policy has changed: only 10¢ per pound may be borrowed now, while the difference between the 12 cent quota and the prevailing market price is paid out to the farmers in bounties. The government's present policy is condemned in many quarters. It is pointed out that later, when the subsidies come to an end, American cotton growers will have to resign themselves to a permanently reduced export market and a price that has been lowered by increased world production.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America Takes a Rest

BORIS Shumayatzki, a Russian Communist who visited New York, apparently during some of the hottest days of last summer, seems to have carried away with him a somewhat macabre impression of the way Americans amuse themselves. Here is the account of his impressions he wrote for *Pravda*, Moscow Communist daily:—

In New York in the middle of noisy Broadway there stands a make-shift pillory-post. It is rudely made. Two boards roughly painted black are nailed to it, and rusty chains hang down from the top. The post attracts attention; people are interested in it. Thousands greedily read in white letters on the black boards:—

'The monster demands a bride. Who will dare to be Frankenstein's bride?'

Beside the post are enormous colored placards with the image of the monster on them. His face is a dreary mask of a greenish, corpse-like color. The swollen lashless eyelids droop over watery eyes, and it seems as if the monster will presently cry, like Gogol's 'Viy,' 'Raise my eyelids!' The fixed pupils of Frankenstein's eyes are staring at everybody at once; they pursue the passer-by. The sadistic mouth is grinning, and the whole face, crisscrossed with scars, seems to jeer at the New York mob.

'Karl Laemmle presents Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein's Bride."'

A few years ago there was a film about a man-made monster into whose head his inventor inserted by mistake a criminal's brain. The monster had been locked in a tower, but escaped and became a virtuoso of murders and crimes. That film did good business; producers made a lot of money. The bourgeoisie crowded to the film, like flies to orange juice (the proverb says 'like flies to honey,' but in America orange juice is the national drink and much more popular than honey). In those days 'happy endings' were still popular in the movies—that is, happy endings and the triumph of virtue. So Karl Laemmle made a mistake. Frankenstein perished at the end of the film before getting all the money out of the movie-goers.

But business is business, and Frankenstein, through the good offices of the producer, scenario-writer, and director, 'rose from the dead.'

Frankenstein, in a measure, takes the place of such most Christian spectacles as public execution, bullfights, lynching, and public castration.

This is the beginning of the sacred all-American Sabbath—the Saturday and Sunday evenings, hours revered by the millions of Americans who desire only that these hours should be different from the shallow, boring, everyday life of the American bourgeois, one of the millions of average Americans.

DURING the hot summer months, the crowds go to Coney Island, where they are given forty-one mechanized and just as many unmechanized pleasures. At last, the giant crowd of the New Yorkers reach the seashore; the victims of a love for nature pass through the tortures of the 'Sunday rush' in the dirty cars of the New York subways and the dreary jarring tramways.

Lucky ones ride in automobiles, their own or hired, and hordes of automobiles, in long, sad processions, pass along the streets like cattle on the conveyers of Chicago slaughterhouses.

On the beach, the goal of all this traveling, there are stones, dirt, cigarette stubs, heaps of waste paper, remnants of food, and the same rush as in the subways. One's feet are sure to press against someone else's head or back. Still, it is much better than in the stuffy, hot New York, and in comparison with the New York ghetto, or with the Negro, Russian, Italian and other quarters, Coney Island is a true bucolic paradise.

Entertainments on the beach are just as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

standard as clothes, naked bodies, orange juice and whiskey.

The people read thick heavy volumes of newspapers (Sunday papers are particularly large), and seriously discuss the following significant question: 'Can a woman go to church without stockings in the summer?'

All around, sport is being discussed with the same passion. After boxing has been thoroughly dealt with, the conversation changes to the new sport, now very popular: jumping frogs. These are caught and trained as carefully as any race horse.

But finally the conversation dies out, the grapefruits are eaten, whiskey and orange juice disposed of, new piles of garbage been made on the beach, and all the shallow amusements exhausted.

The sun is setting over New York. The same horde of automobiles returns to the city, to the ghettos, to the suburbs; a continuous human throng streams to Broadway, to the streets flooded with too bright electric lights, and to the grimy, dirty quarters of the workers.

Academic Matrimony

IT TAKES a European to detect the minor symptoms of American folly. P. C., writing in the *Journal de Genève*, tells about an academic development that will come as surprising news to most of us:—

Impressed by the growing number of divorces in the United States, Butler University of Indianapolis has decided to create a chair of matrimonial science. It is true that Indianapolis tops all divorce records, for statistics show us that out of a hundred marriages performed in that city forty-one turn sour. Obviously, honeymoons over there are on the decline, and in the country of stars and the open air too many husbands show an inclination to sleep out. In order to rectify this undesirable situation the Council of the University has declared, 'We are now convinced that one must have a special diploma in order to be happily married.' Thus, in this school they will deliver a diploma in public to those who will have earned it in private.

I do not know why this diploma has a diplomatic odor about it. Somehow I prefer the good common sense of Martine, in Molière's play, who frankly declares that she wants a husband 'who will be a doctor for his wife only.'

We are led to believe that this is no longer sufficient and that the young American women of to-day want their fiancés to have been duly awarded a doctor's degree. Candidates for conjugal bliss will have to take a course given by a professor of matrimonial science, who will discuss the physical, psychological, economic, social, and religious aspects of married life. He will teach married people to solve family problems, and he will train bachelors for their future. Hurray for our school!

All this is very pretty, but one thing bothers us. Love put in a cage quickly folds its wings unless it breaks the cage itself. Neither the school for husbands nor the school for wives can be held from a wooden pulpit. No matter how great the eloquence of pedagogues may be, the eloquence of the heart finds a shorter way. And then, you see, happy marriages, games of love and chance, are made in the school of life, a normal school if ever there was one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APPEAL FOR CARL VON OSSIETZKY

When the Nobel Prize Committee met last year to award its annual Peace Prize, it considered the candidates who had been nominated, and finally decided to award no prize at all.

Was it really impossible to find a man worthy of receiving the prize? Or were the Norwegian judges moved by political considerations when they rejected the candidacy of a man now languishing in a Nazi prison? For there was one candidate whose inflexible courage in the cause of peace had stood the acid test of untold personal suffering, a man who had been nominated by pacifists the world over: Carl von Ossietzky. Ossietzky became a pacifist during the War. He has since continuously and publicly demonstrated that he is one of the foremost champions of peace in the whole world. As editor of the influential German magazine, *Die Weltbühne*, he had at his disposal unusual publicity facilities. These he exercised without stint, taking full responsibility for his convictions. On the night of the Reichstag fire he was arrested, having scorned flight. Since his arrest he has been shunted from prison to concentration camp, from concentration camp to hospital, and back to prison again. He has been subjected to unspeakable tortures, which have broken his health but not his mind. For he has stood firm, a man of unshakeable strength of character.

Ossietzky was first nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1934. But the nomination was dismissed on the ground that it had been made too late, and the prize was awarded to Arthur Henderson. In 1935, writers of international fame, university professors, representatives of institutions authorized to make nominations, and previous holders of the prize joined in urging Ossietzky's candidacy. No prize at all was awarded.

But the fight is not yet over. Ossietzky is to be nominated for the Peace Prize of 1936. Besides the members of the Prize Committee, their advisers, and dignitaries like the members of the Hague Court, members of parliaments (including Senators and Representatives of the United States) and university professors of Political Science, Law, History, and Philosophy are qualified to make nominations, which must be received in Oslo by February 1, 1936. THE LIVING AGE joins lovers of peace the world over in urging that all those qualified to make nominations lose no time in nominating Carl von Ossietzky for the Nobel Peace Prize of 1936.

HANDS ACROSS THE OCEAN

Though suggested—and possible—dates for the devaluation of the franc vary from a few days hence to the beginning of March, it is possible to record one concrete item for information on the subject: it is that conversations between the Bank of France and Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the United States Treasury, have been held, and that as a result the French financial authorities believe they have secured a definite understanding that devaluation, when it comes, will be supported by Washington and Wall Street.

—*The Week*, London

HERR STREICHER'S ACTIVITIES

Der Stürmer, Herr Streicher's violent anti-Semitic weekly, has a circulation of 500,000 copies. Even editions of 900,000 have been printed in the last weeks. It soon became obvious, however, that greater propaganda efforts would be necessary to dispose of this number, and for that reason special stands have now been erected in German post offices and railway stations. These are in addition to those, running into many thousands, that already have been set up at street corners, squares, public buildings such as the Treasury and other official places, baths, streetcar stops, etc. The stands are miniature showcases containing pages of *Der Stürmer* spread out on a frame, which can be illuminated at night. In some cases protests have been made—but protests against Nazi party activities are useless.

The German postal authorities have, it is announced, released *Stürmer* stands from all advertising charges, just as the State railways recently did.

At any rate, *Der Stürmer* can boast of having a larger circulation than any other political paper in Germany at present or in the past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

JAPAN'S POLICIES AND PURPOSES: *Selections from Recent Addresses and Writings. By Hiroshi Saito, Japanese Ambassador to the United States. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1935. 231 pages. $2.50.*

WITH the help of a sympathetic journalist, Mr. Frederick Moore, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, has selected and edited his various speeches and writings on the subject of Japanese-American relations. The result is in the main propaganda which, to anyone who has been reading the daily newspapers for the last two years, is at considerable variance with the realities of the situation. The discerning reader, however, well-informed on what has been happening in Japan, will find parts of the Ambassador's book a useful summary of his country's official 'case.' Throughout, there is a strong plea for continuation of friendly relations between the two countries, a plea punctuated by encomiums on the good deeds and policies of those who have in the past promoted such relations.

Statements such as the following are difficult to accept at face value: 'I wish to say with all emphasis at my command that Japan has no aggressive or imperialist designs in the Far East or anywhere else' (pp. 13–14); '. . . the Manchurian people have created the new Manchurian State' (p. 42); 'We have no idea whatever of aggression or expansion' (p. 88); 'We have no intention or desire to interfere in the affairs of China' (p. 92). At a time when the imperialist policies of the United States and European nations are under such severe criticism, it is unsatisfactory to have Japanese aggression defended on the grounds that it is just what other nations have done or do under similar circumstances. Do not American readers to-day demand something more in the way of justification? Will they accept as valid an explanation of Japanese imperialism which rests its case on the example of American aggression in the Caribbean, in Central America, or in the Pacific?

But if he remembers that Ambassador Saito's book goes no further in finding causes and explanations for his country's policies than have other Japanese apologists who have lectured in this country or written in our periodicals, the reader will find in this volume the orthodox Foreign Office defense. Though they may be of unquestioned sincerity and integrity, the statements of a Japanese Foreign Office representative abroad cannot, since the military Putsch of 1931, be taken as reflecting the dominant forces operating in Japan. More than once Ambassador Saito's predecessor, Mr. Debuchi, was embarrassed by finding that assurances which he had given our government in all sincerity represented only the Foreign Office in Tokyo, and that the Foreign Office did not represent the dominating forces in Japanese power politics. Mr. Saito remains in a similarly difficult position.

—FREDERICK V. FIELD

THE PUPPET STATE OF 'MANCHUKUO.' *China To-day Series. Edited by T'ang Leang-li. Shanghai: China United Press. 1935. 278 pages. $6.00.*

WHETHER the expanding Power has been Great Britain, France, Italy, or the United States, and the area of conquest India, Morocco, Ethiopia, or the Philippines, the detailed, unromanticized story of any imperialist colonial venture is an ugly one. *The Puppet State of 'Manchukuo'* recounts in detail Japan's aggression in Manchuria. It is inevitably an unpleasant story.

It is more than unpleasant; it is often fantastic, unbelievable. For the invasion has taken place in the present decade and under the searchlight of twentieth-century public opinion, in a day of modern techniques of news reporting and communications. The occupation of Manchuria, furthermore, now turns out to have been but an overture to the more threatening penetration of North China itself. The sequence of events in the latter so closely parallels that in Manchuria that the ultimate fate of North China cannot be held in doubt.

The Puppet State of 'Manchukuo' is one of the 'China To-day' Series, edited by T'ang Leang-li, a close disciple of Wang Ching-wei, President of the Executive Yuan of the Nanking Government. It can therefore be called a semi-official Chinese publication, and, as such, it naturally casts an unlovely light on Japanese imperialism. It is propaganda for the Chinese cause, but, inasmuch as it avoids mere assertion, argument, and polemics and deals with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts and events, it is skillful propaganda. The mere statement of facts and events provides emotional overtones far more effectively than would a treatment of the same happenings written at a more emotional level.

There is nothing new in the book; a great part of it was contained in the report of the Lytton Commission of Inquiry of 1932 and in the published proceedings of the League of Nations' sessions of 1931 and 1932. Newspapers and periodicals have already brought the story to the public. The book's peculiar distinction is that it contains the entire account of the formation of the puppet state of 'Manchukuo' and the events leading up to it within the confines of a single volume.

—Frederick V. Field

The Lords of Creation. *By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. 483 pages, illustrated. $3.00.*

THEY ARE NOT 'lords,' but commoners moulded of homely American earth, and it is not 'creation' which they dominate, but 'chaos'—the deepening chaos of the ruthless economic individualism which gave them birth, and to which they owed their despotic power over the lives and destinies of millions. Frederick Lewis Allen, whose earlier book, *Only Yesterday*, gave us so vivid a picture of American social and political life since the turn of the century, now tells us the story of the financial titans and industrial buccaneers who helped themselves without stint to America's wealth, and laid the foundations of the United States as an imperialist world power.

'One need not,' writes Mr. Allen, 'accept *in toto* the economic theory of history to recognize that in our recent American history the economic thread has become a rope to which almost everything else in our lives appears to be attached.' And he proceeds, with great skill and admirable mastery of his material, to follow the twists and turns of this rope.

We begin with the elder J. P. Morgan and the formation, in 1901, of the colossal United States Steel Corporation. There is a parade of financiers, speculators and Wall Street plungers, from which emerge rivals to the Morgan empire: E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill (railroads); the Rockefellers (oil); Jacob Schiff, of Kuhn Loeb. The panic of 1907 corrected a few financial excesses without changing the trend toward ultimate collapse; the 'trust-busting' of Theodore Roosevelt was a faint cry against the growing wind of monopoly and concentration, which spread rapidly from the east to California, where the powerful Giannini banking interests 'carried on;' Samuel Insull and his utilities empire; the Van Sweringen brothers; the National City scandals; du Pont, General Motors, Ford, Mellon—Mr. Allen's pages rise to a crescendo of confusion, intrigue, desperate manipulations behind the scenes—and then the crash of 1929, when not only the feet but the heads of America's overlords were shown to be of very amorphous clay.

Lords of Creation is American popular history at its best, written by a man who has succeeded not only in describing the trees, both big and little, but also in seeing the forest.

—Harold Ward

One Against England: the Autobiography of a German War Spy. *By Ernst Carl. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. 288 pages. $3.00.*

IN ENGLAND it is the custom for a reviewer to say in no uncertain terms pretty much what he really thinks about a bad book, and some of the most famous English reviews have been merciless, if undeserved, pannings. In a recent issue of the *New Statesman and Nation* Cyril Connolly adopted an ingenious system of classifying books, one which shows with a nice brevity and clarity the lot that is in store for the majority of those he reviews. It goes:—

Yes, yes, yes!	Worth buying and keeping.
Yes, yes!	Worth borrowing.
Yes.	Better than nothing.
No.	No better than nothing.
No, no!	This won't do.
No, no, no!	Terrible.

Of course the *New Statesman and Nation* can be pretty irreverent at times, and it would not perhaps be fair to take it as representative of English papers and magazines in general. But even the stately *Times Literary Supplement* will take a bad book for a long and extremely painful ride now and then, and it is a fact that many English reviewers give the bad books exactly what they deserve.

We Americans seem to be made with tenderer hearts. We do not understand irony in conversation; we consider it rude. We seldom have the courage to tell a friend exactly what we think of him. And we almost never say what we really think about a bad book we are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reviewing. We damn with faint praise where the Englishman unleashes a flood of eloquent vituperation. Or we let the bad review books go to the second-hand dealers without mentioning them at all.

But if we are a race of lily livered literary lightweights, we do occasionally rebel. And a book like *One Against England* offers as good an occasion as a reviewer is ever likely to have for getting rid of the accumulated irritation in his soul. It is inconceivable that it should ever have been published, and one has to squeeze it to make sure that it is not, after all, a horrible hallucination, the unfortunate consequence of cumulative eyestrain or some gross indiscretion of diet. It is supposed to be the history of a German secret agent operating in England during the war. According to the author, it was he who placed the bomb which caused the explosion in which Lord Kitchener lost his life. So important a spy may not unreasonably be expected to have some interesting things to say about his experiences. He may not be a great writer, but, at least, he will tell some good anecdotes, or reveal a more than casual acquaintance with the men and events he has so profoundly influenced. But *One Against England* contains nothing that a moderately stupid high school student might not have put into a theme on 'What It Must Feel Like to Be a Spy'—nothing, that is, but its length. It is not redeemed by so much as one good tale, nor does it anywhere contain a description of a place or a person which carries the slightest glimmer of conviction. It is not only incredible—and therefore worthless as an historical document—but dull as dishwater—and therefore valueless as entertainment. Cyril Connolly would not have listed it as No, no, no! He would have listed it as No! No! No! No! NO! NO! NO!

—Varian Fry

Shvambrania. *By Leo Kassil. Translated from the Russian by Sylvia Glass and Norbert Guterman. New York: Viking Press. 1935. 289 pages. $2.00.*

IN THIS admirably translated book (which is neither a children's book nor a novel, though it is presented as both) we have a picture of the Russian revolution as it affected a small family of bourgeois intellectuals living in the village of Pokrovsk, on the Southern Volga. The author, who was born in 1905, the son of the village doctor, tells us the story of his boyhood, on which the Revolution gradually impinged until it transformed the life of the whole family. The story tells of the rise and fall of Shvambrania, the imaginary country which the author and his brother invented when they were children, and in which they became increasingly interested and absorbed as a refuge from the injustice and monotony of real life. Shvambrania was a land in which economic injustice and intellectual suppression were nonexistent; much criticism of the stultifying, impractical educational system of prerevolutionary Russia is implicit in its institutions. The Communists gradually established a world in which Shvambrania was no longer necessary for the author, although he discovered early that some people keep their Shvambranias to the end: 'for many grown-ups, art was a Shvambrania.' After the revolution, when discipline for the boys was first destroyed, and then reëstablished, out of complete confusion, as an essential part of the common activities of the village, the outside world became more real and more acceptable to the children, and Shvambrania slowly disappeared.

For most readers, the chief interest of the book will be in its picture of the village of Pokrovsk (now Engels) during the years of Civil War and famine. The author's father was always sympathetic to the revolution, and ended by fighting for it desperately. Yet he often resented the autocratic decrees, and the growing encroachment of the community upon his private life, by which 'the corridor of the house became an appendage of the street.' But as his old shoemaker, now become village commissar, said, 'The revolution was hardly made to your measure; maybe it pinches a little here and there.'

The disintegration of life in those years has been described for us often, but, unlike so many writers, Kassil was young enough to believe that the confusion was not permanent. He says of those years of disease, vermin, and starvation, 'Our lack of a calendar, our eating standing up, our perpetual fur-coats, all gave our life a provisional, transitory character.' And as guides through chaos appeared a few simple, sincere, ardent men and women, who, in their unbreakable strength and confidence, led the village forward to the Park of Culture and Rest!

— E. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

IN THIS department last month we commented upon the fact that travel bureaus tell us that never have so many tourists visited Mexico and the Latin American countries as in the last few years. *News Notes*, the bulletin of the International Chamber of Commerce, refers specially, in its issue of December 2, to the surprising increase in international travel during the summer months of 1935.

A recent bulletin of the Travel and Industrial Development Corporation of Great Britain and Ireland shows an astonishing increase in holiday visitors to Great Britain, as indicated by comparisons of the period of June, July and August for the years 1933, 1934 and 1935. The French holiday visitors to Great Britain increased from 20,534 in 1933 to 23,091 in 1934 and to 26,451 in 1935. From the United States, Great Britain had 29,140 holiday visitors in 1933, 31,291 in 1934 and 38,759 in 1935. For the same years the number of Italian holiday visitors showed only a slight increase from the number recorded in 1933, which was 2,350. In 1934, this number had increased to 2,488, while in 1935, Italian tourists to the number of 2,775 visited Great Britain. It is noted that the number of Italian tourists during these years was smaller than those traveling from Belgium or Ireland or Germany or Switzerland. There is no doubt that, as the International Chamber of Commerce at its congress in June last declared, 'international travel contributes to understanding and friendly relations.'

PLANS FOR the next session of the Institute of Public Affairs, held at the University of Virginia, are already well under way. The dates announced are from July 5 through July 18, 1936. There was much regret expressed among those specially interested in international problems when the Institute of Politics at Williamstown decided to discontinue its activities. There was corresponding rejoicing when the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia decided to include international problems, as well as current political, social, and economic questions of a national character, in its agenda. So earnest an effort has been made by the Institute of Public Affairs to supply a forum for the consideration of international problems, that last year, out of a program consisting of twelve round tables, eight were devoted to international topics as compared with four on domestic problems. The attendance at the 1935 session of the Institute was gratifyingly large. There were 2,693 registered members and visitors, representing no less than thirty-three states and eight foreign countries. At one evening meeting there were no less than 6,000 present.

The international part of the 1935 program included round tables upon such important subjects as: 'Reconstruction Problems in the Light of History,' 'Latin-America—International, Economic, and Social Developments,' 'European Relations—Rebuilding Peace,' 'The Church in a Changing World,' 'The Significance of American Membership in the International Labor Office,' 'Contemporary Educational Issues,' 'Conflict and Cooperation Across the Pacific,' and 'American-German Relations.'

PROFESSOR James Thompson Shotwell of Columbia University, recently elected President of the League of Nations Association, issued, in connection with his recent assumption of that office, a forceful statement of the reasons why the United States should accept membership in the League. Nowhere have these reasons been more persuasively stated. The fortnightly newspaper issued by the League of Na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions Association, the *Chronicle of World Affairs*, reproduced President Shotwell's announcement. Two paragraphs may be quoted here:—

'I have repeatedly said that, unless there are substitutes for war capable of achieving what war has accomplished in the past, it will remain as the arbiter of our fate in the future, no matter at what cost. Disarmament is no substitute for the League. It cannot secure a permanent success unless there is a permanent organ of international pacification. The League is that body. Its failure in the past should not blind us to the necessity for it. In the midst of perils, it will endure if our civilization itself endures, for it is the symbol and the agent of international morality.

'Fortunately, even the doubter and the cynic must now recognize that the League stands in the international sphere for those ideals upon which this Republic has been founded. In the alignment of to-day, it is the democratic nations which support the great experiment at Geneva. We have been held back from participation in that experiment by the fact that we had not worked out our reservations in a practical, forward-looking sense, but only in the negative. The issues of the present call for the other kind of thinking. We must consider how we can coöperate to further the cause of peace while at the same time safeguarding ourselves from meddlesome interference in the affairs of other nations.'

ONE OF the most interesting events of the past month was a luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association at the Hotel Astor, New York City, at which Raymond Leslie Buell, President of the association, was the principal speaker. Mr. Buell has but lately returned from Europe, where his connections secured for him contacts which provided an especially intimate view of the foreign scene. He expressed the opinion that if the members of the League of Nations were unwilling to assume the risks inherent in the application of sanctions, the only alternative is a return to the balance of power and the armaments race, which sooner or later will necessarily lead to a new war.

'We instinctively wish to be isolationist,' Mr. Buell said, 'but judging by the protests against the treatment of the Catholics in Mexico, the Jews in Germany, or the Ethiopians by Italy, America is the most sanction-minded country in the world. We are unwilling as yet to assume any responsibility for our exhortations.'

Mr. Buell held that the American embargo policy was 'little more than a gesture,' because neither Italy nor Ethiopia wanted to buy arms from this country.

'Nevertheless,' he said, 'with all our talk of taking the profit out of war, and no involvements, the United States is becoming the base of supply of an aggressive power attempting to subjugate a weak and innocent country in shameless violation of the anti-war pact.

'If the American Government is not to become a silent partner of Italian aggression, then it should impose an embargo upon the export of oil and copper, regardless of Mussolini's threat and regardless of the League.'

Although world attention is centred upon the Italo-Ethiopian situation, Mr. Buell stated, 'the fundamental problem of Europe is centred in Berlin.' The German problem, he said, had been accentuated by the rearmament program of the Nazi party, and 50 per cent of the workers of Germany are now engaged, directly or indirectly, in the production of arms.

He declared that the racial unity doctrines of National Socialism and growing economic difficulties of Germany made military aggression inevitable. When the German debt limit is reached, he felt, Hitler would be forced into a program of internal repudiation on the one hand and external aggression on the other. 'Only the strengthening of the League and the principle of collective security will adequately meet the German danger,' he declared.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

than along the Manchukuo-Siberian border that Japanese imperialism and Russian communism struggle for supremacy. The Hungarian journalist, Adolf Grabowsky, brings us an account of the country and its history, with some reflections on its future. [p. 404]

MR. PETER FLEMING is an adventurous young Englishman, fond of traveling in parts of the world which more timid souls never see. Mr. Fleming has made the long and perilous journey from Peiping all across China to northern India. The episode we reprint adds some local color to Mr. Grabowsky's more matter-of-fact remarks. [p. 408]

BUT IF Mongolia is the bone of contention between Japan and Russia, it is the five northern provinces that are the cause of the present differences between China and Japan, and it is to this dispute that M. Alfred Silbert first turns his attention. In the end, however, he allows his imagination free range, with surprising, and alarming, results. [p. 411]

THOSE of our readers who follow the evolution of the Russian experiment must have felt a desire to know more about 'Stakhanoffism'—the movement for the rationalization of industry that is sweeping over the Soviet Union.

In 'How We Did It' the inventor of Stakhanoffism, an almost illiterate coal miner, describes the genesis of the movement. We are asked to imagine a long 'room' 85 meters wide and just high enough to work in, with a deposit of coal forming one end of the room, and eight men cutting it down, each man mining only his own section of the wall. Stakhanoff tells how he reorganized the work to secure greater efficiency of labor and thus considerably increase productivity per man. [p. 422]

STAKHANOFF seems all enthusiasm. But when it comes to the cotton mills the movement he started takes on a different aspect. At least that is the conclusion of N. Desnin, who is a Russian émigré living in Paris. Of course, like all émigrés, Mr. Desnin should be received with caution. But whether he should be received with any greater caution than a Soviet publicist is another question. [p. 424]

NEXT, for variety, come two short stories, both of them of a humorous turn. The first, about a strange miracle, is by Luigi Pirandello, the well-known Italian playwright and novelist. [p. 427]

AND the other is the work of a Russian, Zoshchenko. With its good-natured fun at the expense of the Soviet bureaucracy, it is typical of the best of present-day Soviet satire. [p. 430]

THE name of José Ortega y Gasset is perhaps as familiar to American readers as is that of any living European writer. In 'The Dawn of Historical Reason', the author of *Revolt of the Masses* dismisses all the philosophies of history that have ever been conceived, and suggests that in their place man has only 'historical reason.' [p. 433]

FINALLY we have a little piece on the Lapps, those simple, child-like people who live at the extreme northern end of the Scandinavian peninsula and spend their days hunting the reindeer. The author, Hugh Adolf Bernatzik, has just published, in German, a book called *Lappland* (Leipzig, Bibliographisches Institut). [p. 436]

OUR 'Persons and Personages' this month include George, the king whom Greece recalled; Wang Ching-wei, China's Premier, who resigned after an unsuccessful attempt on his life; and Mikhail Kalinin, Russia's President, just turned sixty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED